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THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

She stood before the open court,
Forlorn—but oh! how fair!
There was no mercy in the hall,
In war, the bending knee
Ah! how I wished some angel then
His pitying wing would spread,
To shelter from the storm of men
That fell, defenceless head."

MRS. TOTEN HOSMER.

On entering the thronged room a group, to the left of the dock, forced itself upon Lord Montour's notice. It consisted of Victoire L'Orient, the little old French woman, and the Abbe. The woman recognized Estelle, and pressed forward, exclaiming vociferously—

"Ah, good! So that you, Madame—verily! Your most obedient, Madame," etc. etc. Until, at length, without looking at her, Lord Montrevet just put out his arm and brushed the troublesome reptile from his lady's path, and left her on to the same secluded seat she had daily occupied since her attendance at court. They had not been seated more than five minutes before they were joined by Lord Dazzlerigh, who came hurriedly to announce that there would be no more delay, the time necessary to arrange preliminaries, and that his client would be almost immediately placed at the bar. And then he hastened away again to attend to some business connected with the approaching trial.

Estelle closed her eyes and sank back in her chair. It had come, then! It had surely come. At the same bar at which within a fortnight past she had risen so many stand to answer to the charge of guilt, and from which she had won so many acquittal to exile, to imprisonment, or to death, she also must stand to answer to the charge of a crime, for which, should she be convicted, she also, even she, the delicate, sensitive, refined child of wealth, luxury, and high rank, would be sentenced—sentenced—to the haunting vision of the convict transport-packet and the penal colony, with their brutalized and demoralized crew, and all their loathsome and revolting horrors, soon darkly in upon her brain.

"My God! my God! have mercy and let me die!" escaped in stifled moans from her ashy lips.

"Estelle! my Estelle! be calm, be calm, be hopeful! See, they are about to call you! Call *them* on Him who once stood, as you are now about to stand, before man's uncertain tribunal, to be judged by man's often erring verdict. Call them on Him!" said Lord Montrevet, earnestly, as he arose, took her hand, drew her arm within his own, and attended by Mr. Oldfield, and followed by the eyes of all the people that thronged to suffocation the court room, led her up to the bar, at a chair, seated her there, and placed himself beside her. The aged minister stood on the other side; he stooped and whispered—

"When you rise, my child, do not wait for the order of the court, but unveil at once; the innocent soul not conceal her brow of truth."

The solicitor then took his seat, and the accused was ordered to rise and hold up her hand.

Estelle arose, and Lord Montrevet reverentially drew aside her veil, revealing her pale, dejected, but most beautiful face! The court was held behind her. Thus, fortunately, she had only to confront the bench. The Judge best forward and looked with interest into the pale, delicate, lovely face, countenance thus unveiled before him. Under his scrutiny her eyes sunk to the floor, and her color rose, crimsoning her cheek even to her temples, and then receding left her pale as before. All this passed in an instant. And then—

"Prisoner, you have heard the indictment against you; how do you gather yourself guilty of the crime laid to your charge?" asked the Judge.

"Not guilty in intention, my lord!" answered the low, thrilling voice of the accused.

"You plead your cause?"

Lord Montrevet, with a deferential tenderness that never failed or faltered, handed her back to her chair, and took his stand at the right hand as before.

And so perfect was the silence among the eager, attentive crowd, that not only the questions of the Judge, but every syllable of her low-toned reply reaching his silence, could be distinctly heard in every part of the court room.

The multitude had now pressed as near as was permitted to the bench, and many on either side were in a line of vision with the accused. And among those were many of her old associates, now gazing at her in pitiless curiosity! Pain would she have intervened the friendly black lace veil again between her face and the eyes of the assembly, though it could not to her fancy conceal her as she stained from the self-indulgence; but oh! those cruel close-pressed eyes! she felt them like a force of levelled bayonets, pointed towards her—impaling her!

The counsel for the crown arose, and amid the profound silence of the court, opened the prosecution. It caused in my limited space give a just idea of the logic, eloquence and power of this preliminary speech.

It became his painful duty, he said, to prosecute one of the most extraordinary cases that the annals of Englishcrime had ever recorded before an English tribunal. The prisoner at the bar was known—either personally, or by fame, to most persons there present. She had been a lady by birth, wealth and education, holding position among the highest in the realm; a lady distinguished for rank and fortune, celebrated for her exceeding beauty and accomplished graces, such she had been. Now, alas! she was no less distinguished for her discovered degravity, daring and duplicity! They knew that she had been successful in fashionable, aristocratic, and even in royal circles; he would now show that she had until recently been equally successful in her course of criminal guilt. He would give a synopsis of her career, stating facts that he should prove by competent witnesses present in this court. He should commence with her school life, showing the gentlemen of the jury the precocious depravity with which at the early age of fourteen she had deceived her fond, indulgent parents, defied her excellent teacher, and contrived a young gentleman into a secret marriage, soon as lightly broken as it had been made; the wantonness with which she had abandoned her youthful bridegroom, driving him to despair and desperation, that soon ended in the wreck of his fortune and character; the duplicity with which through ten long years she had concealed the fact of her first marriage from her parents and friends; and the wickedness with which she had, just one month since, entrapped the heart and hand of a noble lord here present, and who was the second victim of this modern Messalina!

At this degrading peroration, the blood rushed to Lord Montrevet's brow—he started forward with a flashing eye and a raised hand—but, then, recollecting himself and his surroundings, he made a profound obeisance to the court, and with the air of a man who bides his time, retreated to his stand.

Estelle, a novice to the forms and usages of courts of law, heard all the enormous charges, the atrocious wickedness officially imputed to her by the prosecutor, and sat, with pallid features and fixed eyes, like one petrified by enchantment!

Lord Dazzlerigh stooped and spoke to her.

"You should know, Lady Montrevet, that this is merely an official tirade, a professional affair—it means nothing, makes no impression. The Judge don't believe him, the jury don't believe him, he don't believe himself. He is only repeating the prosecutor's words and will modify them in his charge of a man who bides his time, retreated to his stand.

"Not guilty!" he answered, in a firm, yet musical tone, thrilling voice of the accused.

"You put yourself upon your country?"

Lord Montrevet, with a deferential tenderness that never failed or faltered, handed her back to her chair, and took his stand at the right hand as before.

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"Fie, fie, fie—I smell the blood of an Englishman. No more than just that."

But Estelle did not understand nor hear, nor ever once withdrew her stony gaze, that seemed caught up and spell-bound to the face of her terrible accuser. At length, however, the light and low voice ceased to declaim, and gave the counsel for the defence an opportunity of answering. But as Lord Dazzlerigh declined replying, for the present reserving his defence, the prosecutor proceeded to call the witnesses for the crown.

It would be tedious to recapitulate the testimony, which the reader has already heard. Every word of it, is already known to the reader. His statements, his documents, and regular delineation of the wrongs and sufferings of the beautiful woman at the bar, were all read in court. Then the official men,—in turns flushed every cheek with indignation, and filled every eye with tears. In the course and the Abbe Peire Le Roux, were successively called, and testified to the same facts as to the trial of the marriage that had been performed between Victoire L'Orient and Estelle Morelle at the church of St. Hilaire, Paris, on the 14th day of April, in the seventeen hundred and ——. They also identified the prisoner at the bar as Victoire L'Orient there present as the contracting parties in that ceremony. These witnesses were in turn subjected to a severe cross-examination by Lord Dazzlerigh, but without effect. The duplicity and cunning of the little old Frenchwoman was at least a match for the legal acumen of the best lawyer in the three kingdoms. A host of witnesses were present ready to testify to the well known fact of the so-called "Bluebeard" marriage that had been celebrated on the first day of May last, at the parish church of Hyde, in the county of Devon, between Estelle, wife of Victoire L'Orient, and George Charles, Lord Viscount Montrevet. But a few of these were needed to establish this point. And here the prosecuting attorney rested his case. Lord Dazzlerigh arose for the defence. As all eyes were turned upon him—he was a man of distinguished presence, as well as of brilliant genius. Amid the deepest silence, and the profoundest attention, he commenced his speech.

"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury—The charge made against my client, by the learned counsel for the crown,—imposing as it seems, and sustained as it is, by competent witnesses—is really so unsubstantial, as to be easily overthrown, by reference to a single fact,—if it be so double already invalided in the estimation of your lordship, of the jury, and of all within the sound of my voice, by the simple recollection of that fact—to wit: that the entire laws of France as well as those of England, repeal a minor of fourteen years of age as an *infant* in the law, and incapable of contracting marriage without the knowledge and consent of his or her parents or guardians. Therefore, the whole testimony adduced by the prosecution to the court Victoire L'Orient and the infant Estelle Morelle, in the Catholic chapel of St. Hilaire, Paris, on the eighteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and ——, and, a completely invalid and of none effect, and could therefore form no obstacle to the unpublish solemnized between Estelle Morelle and the Lord Viscount Montrevet at the parish church of Hyde on the first of May ultimo. This fact is well understood by all here present, that I need not dwell upon it. I will only longer dare to remind your lordship and the jury that this is a powerful effect, controlled himself and with the air of a man who bides his time, retreated to his stand.

"But, my lord and gentlemen, I wish to be understood as standing here, not only in the character of an advocate of a client,—whom I consider as having been provoked and indicted on frivolous grounds, and whom I feel assured stands already fully acquitted in your minds—but also in the position of a deeply injured and most unhappy, though most estimable lady, whose high moral and intellectual excellence can only be equalled by the deep wrongs and great sufferings, of which—a lady whom I have known from her birth, and was an infant, became the objects of a foul conspiracy—a conspiracy that will rank among one of the sharpest scenes of calumny. My lord and gentlemen, the general brutality of the first quasi marriage suffices to clear my client before the court. It is therefore, to acquit her before the *tribunal of public opinion*, to which I have now to appeal to make a statement of facts, every one of which I am prepared to establish by witnesses of unquestionable probity."

Here the learned advocate commenced and gave in detail the sorrowful history of Estelle's school life as it has already known to the reader. His statements, his documents, and regular delineation of the wrongs and sufferings of the beautiful woman at the bar, were all read in court. Then the official men,—in turns flushed every cheek with indignation, and filled every eye with tears. In the course and the Abbe Peire Le Roux, were successively called, and testified to the same facts as to the trial of the marriage that had been performed between Victoire L'Orient and Estelle Morelle at the church of St. Hilaire, Paris, on the 14th day of April, in the seventeen hundred and ——. They also identified the prisoner at the bar as Victoire L'Orient there present as the contracting parties in that ceremony. These witnesses were in turn subjected to a severe cross-examination by Lord Dazzlerigh, but without effect. The duplicity and cunning of the little old Frenchwoman was at least a match for the legal acumen of the best lawyer in the three kingdoms. A host of witnesses were present ready to testify to the well known fact of the so-called "Bluebeard" marriage that had been celebrated on the first day of May last, at the parish church of Hyde, in the county of Devon, between Estelle, wife of Victoire L'Orient,

ESTELLE IN THE SHERIFF'S ROOM AFTER THE VERDICT.

"Oh! I know, I know all," replied a sympathizing voice, that Lord Montrevet scarcely recognized as belonging to his self-contained Estelle.

In a moment, silence fell again like death upon the court room. It was produced by the opening of a door and the appearance of the bailiff, ushering in the jury. They advanced to their places. The foreman stood before the Judge. Not a breath was drawn, scarcely a pulse beat in that crowded court room for the space of a minute, during which the Judge inquired:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have, my lord," answered the foreman.

"What say you then, Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

"Lady Montrevet is discharged from custody," said the Judge.

A low, deep murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd. The old minister seized the hand of his protege and burst into tears of joy. Lord Montrevet grasped that of Lord Dazzlerigh in warm acknowledgment of his services and congratulation of his success, and then instantly turned to his bride.

His attention was too late—she had fainted on the arm of the old clergyman—she who had fearlessly borne up under the horrors of the past month, had now succumbed and sunk, and lay like a statue, fallen from the pedestal.

"Lady Montrevet is discharged from custody," repeated the clerk of the court, in somewhat impatiently.

She looked indeed as though she were discharged not only from the court, but from the earth—so still, so white, so lifeless!

"Hide her in my arms, Montrevet—take her into the sheriff's room. I will show you the way," said Lord Dazzlerigh, hastily, anxiously over her fainting form.

"Oh! this moment, also, Sense Copperood, here maid, who had been somewhere among the spectators, succeeded in pushing her way through the crowd, and, reaching the side of her mistress.

Lord Montrevet raised Estelle with care, and, preceded by Lord Dazzlerigh, bore her from the court room into the sheriff's office, where he laid her on the sofa, dropped upon one knee by her side, and began to rub and chafe her hands, and to wipe her icy every feed, epithet and hopeful word to awaken—alas! Such restoratives as could be then procured were brought and applied, and with such good effect that, after a little while, a shudder passed through her frame, her breast heaved, her lips quivered—she sighed and opened her eyes. Her glance met the anxious, serious gaze of Lord Montrevet bent upon her. She sighed again, and closed her eyes.

"Stella! my Stella! my bride! my wife! come back to me! Speak to me! Recognize me! Have you fainted?" said Lord Montrevet, anxiously seeking to arouse her.

"Yes—yes—I am satisfied—you are free!"

"Free! free! oh God!" she cried, as she sprang up, incoherently, with a countenance so blanched and features so distorted with anguish, that Lord Montrevet drew near and gazed upon her in as much astonishment as alarm.

"Compose yourself, sweet Stella," murmured Lord Montrevet, sitting down beside her, and gently encircling her with his breast, disheveled black ringlets from her cold and clammy forehead.

"Dead, dead, he calm."

"I will—I am," she said, trying to control the workings of her quivering and aching lips. Then gently putting aside his caressing hand, and rising upon her elbow, she inquired—

"But the verdict—you say I acquitted, while all the other prisoners, who had been arraigned before, were convicted of guilty—how was my friends,' and my——Lord Montrevet's rank and wealth, and power, thrown into the scales to weigh in the balance in my favor? Had I only this advantage over other lovelies?" she asked, fixing her dark eyes intensely upon the bridegroom that distressed face of the old clergyman.

"Dead, dead, he calm. She was not so! This would not have been so, of course! English law is considered one of the noblest, and its precepts are so incorruptible by wealth as they are undisputed by power. You owe your acquittal solely to your guiltlessness!"

"Whish!" she cried, flung her wild, debased eyes upon the old man's face—"was it that?"

"Was not *what* true, my child?"

"Was not what the king's counsel said of me?"

"Assuredly not! The king's counsel himself did not believe the words that he spoke—his speech was a mere official form. Compose yourself, my child!"

"Oh! I am so. I am composed: but but!" she said, sinking her voice to a whisper—"did not the same set on by my lord's wish?"

"Assuredly, my child, you are in strict law the wife of Lord Montrevet, though the Judge of the Assizes, as well as we know that fact, did not authority to pronounce it."

"Thank God! thank God!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Be calm, my child—do not let that emotion distress you, for though the judge had no authority to give judgment upon an affair that belonged exclusively to the ecclesiastic courts, yet she was his judgment needed! We all know sufficiently, to satisfy us, that you are really and truly the wife of Lord Montrevet! Have we not ever since your marriage addressed you only by his name?"

"Lord! my Lord!" she cried, still twisting and writhing in her white fingers.

"Why, Estelle, my child, what ails you?—have you been up through all the trial to sink at last in the hour of your triumph?"

"Triumph was it? Oh! Lord in Heaven! Lord of pity!"

"Estelle! Estelle!"

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"Triumph was it? Oh! Lord in Heaven! Lord of pity!"

"Estelle! Estelle!"

Lord Montrevet stooped and whispered to her—

"My own Estelle, courage! courage for a few moments longer! and then all will be over; all will be well! You are already more than acquitted, you are justified, you are vindicated."

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"You said that I was truly the wife of Lord Montrosse?"

"Undoubtedly, my child!"

"Then it was the wife of Lord Montrosse who was the day tried for ——— adultery in heaven! I cannot name the charge!" she groaned, with the sweat of agony bursting from her by every pore.

"Estelle," said Lord Montrosse, now soothing himself by her side and taking her hand—"you are ill—nervous. This is nothing new, nothing that we have not known for a month past, why then should it distress you so?"

"Ah, my lord! but it is! for I did not need what they say of pity called out! I called up but self! Estelle L'Orient! I thought it was Estelle L'Orient was to be tried upon that degrading charge! And had it been Estelle L'Orient, it had not signified. But that the wife of the Viscount Montrosse should suffer this degradation—oh! our angels in heaven! it is terrible!—it is terrible!"

"Estelle, you rave! pray try, for our sakes, to control yourself, love!"

"But they spoke falsely—falsely! it was Estelle L'Orient who was tried for what I cannot speak! It was Estelle L'Orient, and not Estelle Montrosse, my lord, was never dragged down through such mire!—a creature clear of blame!—soon beating it even—as the world counts!"

"Assuredly not! and none have borne it more blamelessly than my beloved wife! But, dear love, you talk so wildly that you had best not speak at all!—keep still this, and then lie down and be quiet for a few minutes," he said, placing to her lips a glass of ice-water that had been brought with the wine. She sipped it, but only instead of lying down, she straightened her figure up, put by her hands and pushed the embroidery back from her brow, and said—

"You will—I am sure—control myself. There! I am calmer now. Am I not, my friend?"

"No, my voice has done you good. You are better, but you must rest a little while."

"No—let us leave this place—I shall recover, worse without its walls."

"As you please, then, love! Let your mind remain easy over this. Our marriage-banquet this and the afternoon season; yet before the moon rises over the hills of Dorset, I assure you whoever you to your new home—Montrosse Castle," said his lordship, affectionately burying himself in lying her white bosom, and kissing it as he sat by her side.

"Ah! could *you*!—would you take Estelle to your ancestral home, where never a dishon and virtuous soul before!"

"Estelle! you almost anger me, love! do not talk so humanly!" said his lordship. But she had dropped her hands with her face, and in which her gaze fastened abstractedly upon them, had fallen into a deep reverie that lasted some minutes, and might have lasted indefinitely longer, had not Lord Montrosse, while himself directed his attention to the necessity of departure. She started like one aroused from sleep—passed her hands once or twice across her brow, and then answered in a voice strange and unnatural from its level monotony—

"Lord Montrosse, will you please to excuse me for to-night? I am not equal to the journey you propose."

"My dearest! the distance is but nine miles over the beauties of roads, and to the comfort of carriages," replied his lordship, encouragingly.

"No, indeed, no doubt—yet I cannot take the road to-day."

"Very well! As you please, dearest! I will then convey you to the 'Royal Adelaide;' the best and quietest little hotel in Bourne, where we can remain until you are thoroughly rested and restored. Will that plan suit my Estelle?"

"It will be exactly as goodness to me, my lord, and I must tax it still further! Listen! and pray do not misconstrue me! I am not ungrateful; but—the scenes of the last month have so severely tried me—that even now, when I am urged to rest, I cannot pass from the contemplation of the heavens that filled my mind and threatened my future, at once to the enjoyment of the security of your protection, and the blessedness of your love! I need a short interval of tranquil solution, selfcommunion and prayer, before I dare enter the Eden you open to me! Dear Lord Montrosse, I deserved, lord, to return, as heretofore, under the charge of our reverend friend to my apartments at Mr. Ormsby's house!"

"And then?"

"We shall meet again."

"To-morrow?"

"You may come and inquire for me, to-morrow noon."

"Estelle! do you really feel this interval to be necessary to your composure?"

"It is vitally necessary to my peace and sanity, I think, my lord!"

"If it is, then! I cannot object, nor will I repeat my request, my Stella, and at this delay is to be. Shall I attend you to your hotel?"

"If you will not think me ungrateful! I prefer that you should take leave of me, as heretofore, at my carriage door."

"Well! I will obey my lady's behests, however unacceptable they may be, and that without cavilling," said his lordship.

"But, I may come to you to-morrow, you said?"

"Come tomorrow, my lord!"

Estelle expressed herself now ready to depart. Mr. Oldfield arose and gave her his arm. Lord Montrosse walked by her other side, and assisted her into the street and to the carriage.

"Farewell, until we meet, my fair Stella," he said, as he placed her in the carriage.

"Aye! until we meet! Farewell, my lord," she answered solemnly,—how solemnly he afterwards remembered—fitting her eyes to his countenance with a momentary, deep, and searching, thrilling gaze, as though she would engrave and receive an impression on her memory for ever.

Lord Montrosse lifted her hand to his lips, bowed, and ceased to give place to Mr. Oldfield, who entered the carriage, took a seat beside Estelle, and gave orders to the coachman to drive on.

The streets were still thronged with people, waiting for the carriages to pass, in hope of getting a sight of each whose name, for praise or blame, was now on every mouth.

An honorable reputation is assuredly the next sweet thing to a conviction!" thought Mr. Oldfield, as he surveyed, by the aid of the lamps, the lustre of the countenance of his companion from the vulgar gaze.

They finally reached their inn, the neighborhood of which was now quiet, the expectant crowd, waiting to see their arrival.

Mr. Oldfield wrapped her veil closely around the head of his charge, handed her out of the carriage, and led her quickly into the house, and up to their private parlor. As soon as they had reached this apartment, Estelle turned to her venerable friend, and said in a low voice—

"Mr. Oldfield, send the servants away; I wish to have a private conversation with you immediately."

The good clergyman complied. When they were alone, she threw back her veil, and said in an earnest, solemn voice—

"Mr. Oldfield! you are a Christian minister! what can you do any duty?"

"Your duty, Lady Montrosse?" repeated the clergyman, in a perplexed, mingling, and questioning tone.

"Aye, my duty! my difficult—my dreadful duty!"

"I confess I do not understand you, Lady Montrosse!"

"I will explain! I must withdraw myself at once and forever from Lord Montrosse's neighborhood and knowledge!"

"My child, you are certainly mad!"

"Would I were, sir! but I am not! That first marriage of mine may not have been a *legal* obstacle; but it is, nevertheless, an insurmountable moral obstacle to my union with my other man! And oh! amid all the gloom, and terror, and desolations of my life, I do rejoice and thank God for one signal blessing: that I was arrested upon the altar, by the church, so that I lived not one moment as a wife with Lord Montrosse! and not one moment must I live with him! I must fly while there is yet time!"

"My child, my dear Estelle, you become the legend measure by this rash resolution!"

"It is not a rash determination! It is not! As I have told you, I was recovered from the shock of my arrest, and collected my scattered faculties together, I thought of it, pondered over it, prayed over it, and *decided* upon it—long before the court had rendered judgment upon it. Had I been convicted, that conviction would have virtually released Lord Montrosse. But I was acquitted, and I must say out and release him. I ask you as a Christian minister to assist me in this duty!"

"But, I am not qualified, myself! You are certainly in *law* the wife of Lord Montrosse.

"But not in virtue!"

"How do you propose to release him?"

"By leaving the country; he will then in time forget me!"

"He never can!"

"He must and will!"

"And then——"

"An act of Parliament will release him from the bond of a merely combat marriage."

The aged pastor did not reply, but sunk into a profound thought, broken by mournful groans.

At length, Estelle resumed—

"You have heard my purpose—will you assist me in it?"

"No, Lady Montrosse, I dare not."

"Why not?"

"Because I doubt it would be wrong to do so. It would be treachery on my part towards Lord Montrosse, whose legal wife you are!"

"Oh! would to God I were! would his rightful wife! Oh! would to God I were! But that I am not my friend Montrosse can, while I live, attest! I live, you, a Christian minister, should leave full well? could Estelle, passionately.

"Mr. Montrosse is assuredly your conscience mortal upon this subject. Monsieur Victoire L'Orient is living, and can be found in Paris with a hand. You never were his wife?" said the minister, solemnly.

Estelle grew paler than ever—she had been betrayed into her evil question. She face of her venerable friend was slowly suffused—

"And if, my son, I never was the wife of Victoire L'Orient, am I the wife of Lord Montrosse?"

The good old pastor winced and fidgetted, but at last replied—

"His innocent victim!"

"His innocent victim! And think you, then, that this 'victim' of Monsieur Victoire L'Orient is to sit and proper corner for the flight Honorable, the Viscount Montrosse?"

"Madam, his lordship thinks so!"

Slowly and solemn Estelle drew her head—

"No, Mr. Oldfield! he is a moral hero—but he knows the poor woman better. What can I, God help me, rank, rich, and social influence—everything, save true honor, to rescue her from the ghastly, evil repute into which she has fallen? Who would be the Curtius to throw himself into the yawning abyss opened by this fall?

"Lady Montrosse, you are wrong upon this subject! You are wrong upon this subject! Under your sole error in this affair was a thoughtless disregard of your filial relations. Even that has been counterbalanced by the duty you fulfilled by the circumstances in which you were placed—from earliest infancy under the sole charge and tuition of an artful and unscrupulous woman. You were the victim, I repeat, of a plot of two unscrupulous villains—mother and son. As far as your part in that quasi marriage went you acted in good faith, you believed the ceremony to be a true one. If that marriage was illegal and has been annulled, you are not to be blamed: the fault was theirs. History and biography record many cases in which, in countries of less rigid religious principles, such rulings and queens have been dissolved, or rather pronounced invalid from the beginning, and the parties have been divorced to contract more advantageous matrimonial engagements. Lord Montrosse, I am sure, thinks this view of the subject."

Again and more mournfully Estelle shook her head—

"Ah, Mr. Oldfield! My lord thinks only of me—but I—I think of him, and of what he will have to bear for my sake! His breaking from the inconsonance, he exclaimed—" Once, and long before her own sad sufferings, I struggled for this final face of mine—wherever he appeared, his presence was followed by misfortune. Even in the coming of a hero or the shining of the sun! This is Lord Montrosse, 'would cry one continual voice! Where would not misfortune and contagion times and glooms! There! there! that spot will, with this knight, become a shining spot! That is he! you cannot mistake this!' would reply another voice whisper! That is Lord Montrosse! his sense. And then all eyes turned upon him in admiration and worship!——But, now! but now! how different! Lord Montrosse must leave! I have to bear and I may have to bear! We re-join public church, festive hall or court, and—it is not matter which!—some busy body, who knows not, will whisper! That is Lord Montrosse! What! he who married that woman who was tried before the Assizes! who—who! Where is who took away another man's bride!" Instead of his (For so, many will view it!) So soon are good deeds forgotten, as the little is remembered, and take away so honorable man's good name! No, no! no! no! they shall not have the power thing to say of my lord!—of my dear, dear and honored lord! never more shall children unborn be among the stars!—for whose good and happiness I would willingly become——what would I not become! The dust of the earth that all men trample—if that could raise his lighter, or make him happier! I will go away, far away, he shall not know whither! He shall never hear of me again! I shall be dead to him! An act of parliament will set him free from the bond of our nominal union. Then the rest that the bitterest sweller can say, will be——That Lord Montrosse who married Miss Morville, that was tried at Exeter! Happily he divorced her, before the marriage was consummated.' In time the conflict will forget to say even so much; as in time Lord Montrosse will have forgot his last battle, and be happy!"

"Happy! be! Lord Montrosse! My child, from my very observance of the gentleman I can assured that Lord Montrosse will never find happiness in forgetfulness of you!"

"He must and shall! I will in my retirement besiege Heaven with prayers for his peace! Did he not consent when set her days and nights with prayers that the husband whom she loves, may forget her? Oh! he must! he must! So will I pray, and so shall my lord find peace! But we lose precious time! Say! will you aid me to have this place secretly?"

"Assuredly not, Lady Montrosse."

"And in your ordinations, sir, as honourable?"

"Absolutely, Lady Montrosse."

"Then, Mr. Oldfield! you are a Christian minister, or are you only the incumbent of Blessington, duly selected the lady, to surrender Montrosse an spirit.

"I humbly trust that I am a Christian minister! but not without humility, I trust, and submission."

"And do you think it a Christian act to refuse me the help of my pastoral withdrawal from Lord Montrosse?"

"In the law of law and order, my lady, and to such I think the duty of every Christian."

"And I—take the part of God and—no, if you'll be—Good night, Mr. Oldfield! Good night, most Christian saviour!" and Lady Montrosse, rising, left the room.

"Good night, my child. You are sarcastic; but I do not deserve it. You will see that I am right on reflection, and will think better of it and me. God bless and comfort you, my child. Good night," said the old man, very mildly.

Estelle smiled mournfully, ironically, as she left the room. While her footsteps were heard on the back, her heart-strained—repented—she turned back, went to the side of her venerable friend, took his hand, and said—

"Forgive my unkind words. Trouble makes me irritable and impatient—you! and especially you, who have been very good to me, when my father was not at all! Forgive me, and speak not up, when I stood arraigned upon a criminal and disgraceful charge, you said at my side, 'Estelle, you do not think that I can ever forget, or be thankless to you? Oh never! no! God bless and preserve you!' You have been and remain my friend, my child! *Good night!*" she cried, and pressed his hand to her heart, and kissed his forehead, turned and hurried from the room.

The good clergyman never looked upon her living face again.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLIGHT OF ESTELLE.

"Enough that we are parted—that there rests
A flood of Heaven's wide waters in our breasts,
Whose darkness covers me as wide from thee,
As the earth's shadow from the moon can be!"
MOORE.

"Yet! oh yet! thyself deceive not!
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Love can part in any way!"
BYRON.

When Lady Montrosse reached her own apartment she found her faithful attendant, Susan Gosling wood, kneeling among the trunks, in the middle of the floor, busily engaged in packing them.

Lady Montrosse, as she entered, threw off her gown from her knees to receive and extend upon her mistress' head and neck robust an befalling the rich and haggard countenance of the lady. True, she had left Montrosse with a countenance darkened and with the midnight of despair, or convulsed with the lightnings of passion; but she had not the right to be amazed at any of its tempestuous changes; but she had never seen anything like that which now met her gaze.

"Heaven and earth, my lady! what is it? What now—what has happened? What can I do? God help down, dear Madam—here!" she exclaimed, rushing to the relief of child insufficiently to enable her to draw forward an easy chair and place her mistress in it. Lady Montrosse sank down upon it, and hid her face upon her own hands, while her veil of long, black ringlets fell over her shoulders.

"Lady—dear lady! What is the matter? What can I do for you? Shall I run for Mr. Oldfield, the minister's side and locking up imperiously to her hidden face—" dear, dear lady, what can I do for you? Speak! even if not!"

"Oh! nothing, nothing, Susan?"

"Nothing, dear Madam, but you always say that! And, this is not just nothing!"

"No, nothing!"

"My dearest mistress!"

"I think you has me?"

"Do you think me sorrow you, dear lady?"

"And I know you are *faithful* to me!"

"Then, dear Madam, for the love, I should be sure of Heaven, my lady!"

"I don't speak lightly. Go and see if the passage is clear, and then lock the door."

Susan obeyed, and then returned and kneeled down by her mistress' side.

Lady Montrosse drops her hands from her agitated face, and looked thoughtfully down upon the affectionate eyes that were lifted so imploringly to her.

"Susan, I know you will be worthy of the great trust I am about to repose in you.

"Oh, my lady! you will! If it is a secret, they might put me on an old time rack and wrench and tear me limb from limb, and I would not betray it to the laker, and they'd never screw anything out of my lips that our put into my heart by your ladyship!"

"I do believe you speak sincerely; but your fidelity will not be put to the test. I am going to quit Lady Montrosse. Then, after a thoughtful pause, during which she rose and walked slowly and wearily on her hand, and her eyes fixed upon the floor, she suddenly looked up and said—

"Madam! My lady!" exclaimed the girl, in consternation.

"I must depart in secret and alone," continued Lady Montrosse, in a solemn gravity which implied secrecy of surprise and anxiety.

"You will, therefore, have to make all necessary arrangements for me."

"But, Madam—but, my dearest mistress——" cried the girl, unable to speak, or rather form and answer my questions. When does the Bristol boat leave?"

"At twelve to-night, and at six in the morning, Madam."

"I must go by the night train. How far is the depot from this house, Susan?"

"At least a mile, my lady."

"What o'clock is it now?"

"It has just struck eight, Madam."

"No hire? good! We can complete all necessary arrangements in three hours, and I can leave here by eleven and reach the depot in time. Go now, dear girl, and engage a hackney coach to be in readiness—No! that would never do—that would betray me. I must walk the distance."

"Dear, dear lady, you could never walk it—never!"

"Yes, I am able. I shall walk," said Lady Montrosse, so calmly and resolutely, that her maid dared not pursue the argument; but looking at her mistress through eyes obscured with tears, she said—

"Dear, dear lady, you keep on saying 'I,' and 'I,' 'I can leave,' and 'I shall walk,' as if—as if—you were all alone!" and Susan, suddenly bending down and sobbing aloud.

Her mistress gazed upon her in calm surprise, but suddenly she caught her breath, and sobbed again, struggling through the fit into composure. She then wiped the girl, with a few strong, kind words, wiped her eyes, Lady Montrosse said—

"How then, Susan, can I go private?"

The question nearly set Susan off again, but she valiantly slaughtered a sob with a thorough, and successful, rather secondarily, by saying—

"You keep on repeating 'I' and 'I' as if—as if—you were going to leave me behind."

"What! do you wish to go with me, Susan?"

"Oh! my lady!"

"But I am about to leave England—to leave all my past, very sad pleasant life behind, and to go to a foreign country! Susan! foreign country!"

"Well, my lady! what have I done to deserve to be cast off and left behind?"

"Nothing ill, have you done, my dear girl! but you will really wish to leave your native country, your home and friends, and attach yourself to the doubtful fortunes of a hapless fugitive like your mistress?"

"Dear lady! I have neither father, nor mother—no friends, nor home to leave but you——"

"I will leave a letter with you for Mr. Oldfield, which will procure you a better home than I could ever give you."

"It isn't, dear," said Susan, with a certain quiet decision that I would get homes enough, dear lady; but——"

"But what——"

"I wish to go with you. I love you my lady. I would follow you to the world's end."

"If you follow me, it may even be to that extent, dear girl!" said Lady Montrosse, extending her hand to the faithful girl and covered it with kisses.

"I may go, your ladyship?"

"It is only for your own sake I hesitate, to my own selfishness."

The girl rose to hear only the two last words of Lady Montrosse's reply, and arose with alacrity to her feet, exclaiming—

"You may put up a change of clothing in a small carpet-bag, and this sufficient for me. But the way, how come they all open, not in the middle of the floor?" said Lady Montrosse, noticing for the first time the confusion of the room.

"Pardon, my lady. But when we were leaving the court-house, Mr. Ormsby's housekeeper, a woman, said to me—'Susan, my good child, harken, home and pack, for your mistress will be ready to leave them to get there, so that she shall not be inconvenienced and fatigued by the confusion.' And I did as she commanded. Oh, forgive me, dear lady, if so soon."

"Oh, the dear! the kind! the ever-thoughtful! *Oh, my kind! my kind!*" murmured Estelle in low tones, bursting into tears, and hiding her face upon of Lord Montrosse's ever-considerate love touched her heart.

"But, dear lady, you are not well! You have taken no rest and no refreshment since morning. Let me bring you tea, dear love, and rest, while I go and order something for you."

"Yes, I am faint, Susan, Susan!"

"But Lady Montrosse——"

"Do not tease me, dear girl! I can neither eat nor sleep!"

"But how then will your ladyship have strength for your journey?"

"Truly! that is well put! I thank you, Susan, for reminding me! Well, well, I must take something, go order a cup of coffee, it will be refreshful."

And, dear lady, won't you lie down and sleep, while I go and have it prepared?"

"No, Susan, my girl, to please you I will lie down, whether I can sleep or not." replied Lady Montrosse, who was then seen and comforted her maid to loosen her dress and arrange her comfortably upon the couch where she laid down, and left the room to order tea.

But even as she left, there was no rest for that tempest-tost soul.

Susan closed the blinds, let down the curtains, and having thus darkened the chamber, stole out to go her errand.

And Lady Montrosse, after many hours of excitement, found herself in the calm of solitude. Solitude with which her heart was to be torn her Tempter! She laid thought the moral struggle which had commenced in the Temple of Hymen, as soonor did she find herself thus alone, than the Evil spirit, in the form of Love, appeared to her heart her, arrayed before her fearless, burning eyes and bleeding heart, the loveliness of the life which she was departing! Ah! how difficult, how bitter, how impossible the duty, to fly forever from native country, from home, from friends, and from the love of her husband—from—and go out into rowing, alone and exposed, into the wide, bleak, dreary, desolate world! It was like going into the grave, and yet—spoken of in the present tense! To go far away, out of his knowledge, and out of his power to protect, and to meet his name only in print and exile! never again to hear one tone of his beloved voice, never to expect the coming or listen for his step! never to get a letter from him and never to write one! never to hear of him again in life! never to live with him more! Oh! it was impossible, while yet living, thus to die away from him, and to be smothered under the stifling cloak of the earth!

"Oh, my God! my God! Oh, God! it is too much! too much!" she cried, wringing her pale fingers in the anguish of anguish. The Tempter, ever watchful to take advantage of our weakest moment, whispered—Take! oh! take! for it is the only one that required thus to immolate her rich, warm young life! to leave *him* bereaved! to live with that terrible secret! to live with her not her legal husband! She could fold her spirit's wings and rest! Happy and joyful she could return into his home and heart, held upon to exalted her! The temptation was irresistible, irresistible! it drew her soul onward with a mighty magnetism.

"I faint—I faint—Oh, God! my God! come to old! save, or I perish!" she cried, and suddenly lost all consciousness!

A strange vision passed before her spirit. She was in the heart of a vast and dense forest whose tall, dark trees encircled and nodded over the smoke of a lake of crystal clearness and unfathomable depth. She stood, frightened, and despairing, she knew not wherefore, until looking down into the dark, transparent waters, she beheld her husband, Lord Montrosse, sinking, drowning! With a cry of desolation, she was about to cast herself into the lake, when she felt herself gently held back, and looking over her shoulder, she beheld a man of colossal presence, arrayed in flowing white garments, standing behind her, holding her by his left hand, while his right hand was lifted towards Heaven in a gesture of supreme majesty! Full of awe her gaze followed his index, and she beheld the Angel of Heaven, the unending form of her husband. And so she understood that it was but the angelic form of his redeemed soul, which had mistaken for her husband sinking in the water!

"And thou," said the celestial Monitor—"in a moment perishing of the beautiful hopes of earth—but the inverted reflection of their translation to Heaven!"

With this vision before her, with this voice in her ears, the gentle opened her eyes—relieved in full consciousness. How quiet after the tempest of emotion, was now her soul, how palmest her spirit now—how short and unreal, mortal and visible life sound; how real and eternal the invisible and spiritual! Her whole being was calmed, and strengthened, and elevated. Her first waking thought was one of deep gratitude for Spiritual! for oh! without she needed a martyr's firmness and heroism, to persevere and tread unflinchingly the dread path of duty that lay before her!

Presently her maid stole in on tiptoe, and cautiously approached the couch.

"I am not sleeping, Susan, child. You may ring and order coffee, if you please."

Susan obeyed. And when lights were brought and Susan could see her mistress' face—

"You are better, my lady! You look well, cheerfully.

"I am better Susan." replied Lady Montrosse, rising and suffering her attendant to bathe her temples and hands, and comb her hair and arrange her dress, which had become much disordered.

She maid rang again and was answered by the waiter, who soon made his appearance with a tray of refreshments for Lady Montrosse.

Susan shared a comfortable meal in the couch upon which her ladyship reclined, arranged the vision upon it, and pressed her mistress to partake of it.

Lady Montrosse forced herself to swallow a part of the food, and to drink a cup of coffee. Then gambling the waiter from her, she said—

"Susan! take these things away, child, and go and get your supper, while I write two letters that must be left behind."

Susan left the room ordered.

And Lady Montrosse when left alone, went and sat down at the table, and wrote two letters, at a short note of adieu, which she folded and directed to Mr. Oldfield.

Then she commenced a farewell letter to Lord Montrosse. She poured out her whole soul, her whole heart, in the space of two pages after page, sheet after sheet, was filled as her pen flew along the lines; her words, her thoughts, her emotions, her agonizing struggle, her final, despairing resignation—all, all, were poured out with the living eloquence of a loving, despairing, impassioned heart! At last she paused, exhausted, and laid down her pen.

Had she finished? Had she poured forth all her burning love, her sorrow, and her despair from her heart for?

Ah, no!—not a millionth part! And yet she had said too much! too much!

"What! have you finished? I am! how weak," she said; "I practice self-denial at one point, and fall into self-indulgence at another! Why, to write this letter is to live—yes, perhaps, a few lines of friendly leave-taking."

She tore up her first and impassioned letter, and wrote a few lines of cold, calm, and words a short note of adieu, which she folded and directed.

Then she sat silent after her maid returned to the room, and announced that her fire preparations were complete, and that it was near eleven o'clock.

"Are you ready, Susan?"

"Yes, Madam," replied the girl, tying on her bonnet.

"Is the house quiet?"

"Our portion of it is, my lady."

"Very well, then. Now give me my cottage bonnet and shawl, Susan, and my thick veil, and my gloves—That is right. Have you the packet?"

"Yes, Madam."

"We are ready, then, I believe?"

"Yes, my lady," replied the girl, tying on her bonnet.

"Is the house quiet?"

"Our portion of it is, my lady."

"Very well, then. Now give me my cottage bonnet and shawl, Susan, and my thick veil, and my gloves—That is right. Have you the packet?"

"Yes, Madam."

"We are ready, then, I believe?"

"Yes, my lady," replied the girl, tying on her bonnet.

"Come, then, why do you loiter?"

"Forgive me, dear lady! but I know you could not walk; besides, it is coming on to rain hard; I will go and call a hackney coach, and engage a cab, that is to wait for us at the corner of the next street. Pray do not be angry with me, dear!" the salesman knows nothing, but that he is to take two passengers to the depot."

"Well, well, my girl! you acted, for the best, and I do not blame you, but thank you; and trust that you may not be sad to a premature discovery of our flight. Come! let us go," said Lady Montrosse, and she placed the letter which she concupiscous position on the mantle-piece, with those carefully-written lights.

Then they left the chamber; Susan closed the door after them. And no Lady Montrosse, alienated from her husband's arrangements, was then the stairs, through the long passage, and out by the private door, and into the double darkness of the midnight and the tempest!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LIFE.—Life is to the unhappy as a prison, from whose gloom they cannot escape; while to the happy and contented it is a palace filled with all that can delight. The prison may be rendered endurable by resignation; but the palace loses none of its splendor by the enjoyment. They may, and sought but faded remnants of its pristine beauty remain.

ASSOCIATES.—We lend with the gay in our days of happiness, but turn to the sympathizing when misfortune overwhelms us: so we seek the festive hall in our hours of mirth, and fly to the solitude of our chamber in those of sorrow.

STYLE.—To praise the style of an author more than his thoughts is like commending a woman for her dress more than for her person. Style, like dress, should be appropriate, and not attract attention from what it was meant to adorn.

LITTLE BESS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

Under the eiderdown and the snow
She sleepeth with pale hands across,
Safe from any sense of loss.

Over her lieth the solemn sky,
A cloud or two dimly drifts by—
She greets neither smile nor sigh.

She giveth neither a cry nor moan,
Though grave-mates about her shiver
Under the snow, and a roof of stone!

Slowly the sweet year creeps on and on
Across her sleeping the summers blow,
Her little face is the softer now.

Violet eyes and locks of gold,
They laid her in the dainty cold moist,
A little child of six years old!

But never and ever and ever more,
I see her face when I look at the sky
Flash through the sunset's golden core.

And she comes to me in the dreams of night
Out of her sphere of sense and light,
An Angel crowned with the violet!

THE TWO-FINGERED ASSASSIN.

BY EUGENIE CORE, JR.

I was on my way from Jackson to Greenboro, in the State of Mississippi. It was Section 1 of the great stage-road, and struck off to the right by a few fingers-post way. Our evening—a pleasant evening in summer—I arrived at quite a village where I must pass the night. Upon entering the Inn I found quite a number of people there, and soon learned that the court was in session in that place.

The next morning was dull and drizzly, and I resolved to keep my room and attend court, as I learned that one or two very important cases were to be tried. I entered the court-room, which was built for town purposes, with a lawyer whom acquaintance I had made; and through his influence I got a good seat. The room was literally crowded within ten minutes from the time the doors were opened; and I perceived that an important case was to come off. And I was not disappointed.

The first case was one of murder. The prisoner was brought in, and placed in the rough box which had been made for him; and when I examined his features I made up my mind that if he did do the deadly deed, he must have done it in a moment of maddening passion; for, really, had I been told to select a murderer from all the assembly, the prisoner at the bar would have been the but one selected! He was not over four-and twenty; small and delicately built; had light, auburn hair, eyes, and fair hair; and with features perfectly regular, and manner by a spirit of good will and intelligence. He looked pale and haggard now; and seemed to shun the gaze of the assembled multitude.

The murder had only been committed two days before. But the coroner had found a verdict at once; an indictment quickly followed; and the court chanced to be in session at the time, the case, owing to this, was brought on.

From the opening of the prosecution I learned the following facts: The man who had been murdered was a wealthy planter, forty-eight years of age, named Oliver Boyle. On the evening of the murder he had started from a lawyer's office, on horseback, to return to his plantation, which was five miles distant; and an hour afterwards his body was found, wallowing in its own blood, upon the roadside, within a piece of woods two miles from the village.

The prisoner at the bar was named Thomas Watkins Roby; and he was a step-son of the planter. Payne had married his mother some four years before—had lived with her until within two months of the present time, when he had turned her out of doors, and forbidden her ever to enter it again. She had returned to the village, where her son, the prisoner, had since supported her.

Thomas had never liked Owen Payne. He knew him to be a hard character—a man—and a libertine; and he had done all in his power to prevent his mother from marrying him. But she would not hear the thought that such a man should be the husband of his mother. But the marriage took place, and the result was as we have seen. The poor wife pined away beneath her husband's brutality and neglect; and finally—though she would not give up her own couch to a Creole slave-girl, he must beg, and then turned her out of doors!

It appeared in evidence that Owen Payne had come to blows some business with one Rickard Ryan. When he married with Mrs Roby he made a will in his favor. Since then he had made one in favor of his favorite slave, whom he had raised to a high favor of position he destroyed this second will, and made a new one in favor of the former occupation of his. In three months that was destroyed, and another made in favor of a second. Lately, however, a nephew of his—a son of his brother—named Richard Payne, had come to visit him; and all former wills were revoked, and a new one made, giving everything to this nephew. How long that would have stood Payne's fickle purpose is not clear; but probably not long, for Richard Payne was a brave, sporting character, and was very ugly when drunk. And it afterwards appeared—

But never mind. We shall come to that soon.

Presently a man named Gilmore Parkhill was called upon the stand. He was a planter, about forty-five years of age, and owned a farm within half a mile of the village. He testified that he was riding home from a fishing excursion. At the inn he learned that Owen Payne was in town. "He," said the banker, who had just come in, "he has just started for home. He was pretty drunk, so I think he will reach his house by morning."

Upon this Roby started up and declared he would go and overtake him. His words on the occasion, as sworn to by no less than five persons, were—

"I'll find him, and I'll have satisfaction! He shall either make to my mother the fullest reparation, or I'll take reparation myself!"

Something was further said about his taking a horse.

"No," he returned, "I know how he rides. I can overtake him before he reaches the swamp. *I shall be a dearly cracked enemy to him if I do!*"

Others were found ready to testify that they had frequently heard him make threats against Owen Payne's life!

Surely this all looked dark.

At this point a side door was opened and a litter was borne into the court-room, and it was the body of the murdered man! The two drovers were pushed if that was the body over which they had seen the prisoner. They said it was. A bath was then shown them, and they identified it as one they had taken from Roby! Others swore that it was Roby's bath.

Finally the prisoner was allowed to tell his story. He struggled awhile with his feelings, but at length managed to control them sufficient for clearly for speech.

He said that the witnesses thus far had all told the truth with the exception of one point. The words produced were true. He had left Payne at the knife's mouth before. His mother bought two knives some years ago, and gave him one, keeping one herself. On the evening of the fatal day Payne, and cutting fruit, she had left at Payne's, and had not seen it since. Others corroborated this. Soon he started after the planter and had been attacked. He then was, either in madness or in his own provision for his mother, who was his (the planter's) true wife, or else to challenge him. He had meant, on hearing of the insult to his mother and wife, to challenge him and fight him. That was all he meant at the time. He was in the village on that occasion to started late on any visit, which he proposed to make to Payne's plantation. He had just entered when he saw a man rush out through his, and, at the distance of some three rods, plunge into the swamp. He had seen and in a few minutes more he came to where a man was lying upon the ground in the road. He stooped over, and found it to be Owen Payne. He saw that he was terribly wounded, and that the knife-handle projecting above the heart. He drew it out, and just then Payne came up, both of whom he now recognized in the witness-box, and testified to seeing him there. He owned that he was startled, for the thought of the man who flashed upon him with all his bearing circumstances. He remembered all his previous threats, and believing his many seeming threats, and the remarks he had made, set up a cry for help, and ran to the inn. The witness that he would have withheld the assassin's hand had he been in season, for he could not see even an enemy suffer murder!

After this, much testimony was introduced to prove the prisoner's previous threats against the life of the jury knew that; for they all knew him, and knew how spirited, high, and honorable he was.

The prosecution introduced one more witness as a sort of rebut. This was Richard Payne, the nephew of Owen, and now appeared to be his heir. He was a dark-featured man, of short thirty; tall and stout in frame, with black hair, dark eyes, and black eyes; and wearing a look of deep discontent. He required but a single look to tell that that his mother had been either a mulatto or a quadroon.

Richard Payne swore that his uncle had several times told him that he was afraid of Thomas or Mrs. Roby. He said his uncle was selling him why had been told that the young fellow had not only threatened to kill him (Owen), but that he was dreadfully wayfaid him in that very wood, and that to assassinate him; but the freshness of his horse had saved him. This witness gave his testimony very emphatically, and with a spice of vengeance in it. He did not like the man—and the jury knew were both gloved, behind him.

"Mr Witness," said the prisoner's counsel, "you are the heir to your uncle Owen's estate?"

"Yes, sir."

"He has made a will to that effect?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were probably aware that he was rather erratic in this respect? I mean you knew that he had made several wills before that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And didn't you ever fear that he might make another?"

"No—sir." Rather confidently.

"Suppose he were to? Suppose that he had made another will?" Abruptly.

"I—I—hardly think he would."

"Suppose he did?" the witness stammered, turning pale as death, but recovering quickly.

"Do you know, sir, that I can the lawyer whom he called on the day of the murder?"

"I knew he came to see one, sir."

"Very, sir—and I am sure. Curious that I should be his attorney and administrator, and also counsel for the man accused of his murder, isn't it?"

"I—I—don't know, sir."

"Tell me: Didn't you get very drunk on the evening before your uncle came to this village?"

"No, sir! No, sir!"

"Ah—beware. I have the proof. You won't make anything by lying. Now weren't you drunk?"

"No—not drunk, sir. I had drunk some, I will admit."

"Aye—and you had a quarrel with your uncle?"

"No, sir. Not a quarrel. He blamed me some for what I did."

"And you struck him?"

"Struck—him?"

"Aye—you struck him."

"No—not a regular blow. We had a little heap."

"Yes—I understand. You struck him; and under then provocation he made some words that had set me make a new will! It was made, signed, sealed, witnessed, and duly registered before he left for home! What do you say to that, sir?"

The witness grasped the little round rail in front of the witness-box, and his face turned to a dark ashen hue. He trembled at every joint, and it was some moments ere he could speak. At length he managed to gasp—

"It's false! He did not make a new will!"

"Well—never mind now whether he did or not. I know, however, that you feared he would make a new one."

"I—I——"

"Ah—no falsehood! I know of what I speak."

After this the counsel, whose name was Parkhill, and who was accounted second only to Prentiss on murder trials, turned to the court—

"May it please your honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I have urged the keeping of the body of the deceased here another hour—the examination upon it which I wished examined in open court, that the jury might have a new will. The villain did the deed; but he sadly missed his mark."

Upon this Roby started up and declared he would go and overtake him. His words on the occasion, as sworn to by no less than five persons, were—

"I'll find him, and I'll have satisfaction! He shall either make to my mother the fullest reparation, or I'll take reparation myself!"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

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A LOCAL PICTURE.

One of the most pitiable and painful sights in this city, is the thousands of poor children in the by and public schools, pining and browns at the street-crossings in all stormy weather. Roaming among the sunbeams and flowers, they perhaps the better part of what street-cleaning is done—to the shame of our authorities be it said—and their remuneration consists of the few pennies pedestrians drop in their palms. Hundreds of these young female unfortunates may be counted in New York on any rainy day—for they are chiefly girls, most of them under ten years of age, and few of them twelve, fourteen, and still older. Yet, they have to encounter as much exposure than in all the vulgarity and viciousness of their sex, and become early in their degredation, hopeless of all life, almost from infancy, in the streets, and thus caught from their male companions, they present a picture of debasement which might shock the most beat on the annihilation of humanity.

Low sloping, shapeless, and ragged clothing of the coarsest kind, in their current language from mouth to mouth. Any good citizen, as he is hurrying down Broadway, if he is not in such haste to reach Wall-street that he can neither see nor hear beyond his nailing distance, sometimes may stop at any hour of a stormy day and be convinced that we do not exaggerate. Any fine night comes, these children scatter to their homes—where? Some to homes as filthy as the streets they have been sweeping, where drunken fathers and brothers eagerly seize the earnings of their labor to satisfy and shame by example the appetite for rum; but many of them, already reckless of home, seek the dens of vice.

The grand result is a hideous and loathsome human race rushing generation, without regard to either wife and deeper, by contact and example, than appears on the surface. Other children, not yet driven by brutal parents, and with no thought but instinct, to herd with the street-sweepers, learn to imitate their slang, and soon to be but little grosser vices. There are plenty of full-grown artists in the shape of men, who are ready to do the hands received to by these girls, and who encourage them by every art in their life of debauchery. The annals of our police ministery might pick up in one day and night would be too shocking to repeat. Not one in a thousand of our population has the smallest conception of the disgusting manner carried by these unfortunates out of God in this great city.

Yet, little is done to cure or stay this plague. The press lauded discussing some individual principles of crime, overlook the vast rotten mid-surface of society. They can occasionally rake a man, or woman, ejected in iniquity, and caught in some crowding act, but they neglect the whole mass in the "building cantidates" for the penitentiary and the prison. Benevolent citizens, who wonder at the blooded police records, pass these children daily, but their hands, hearts and eyes, are so cottoned in their pockets that they do not see them. Even the clergymen, trust-distributors, and leaders of moral reform "socialize," also without a thought, but the pulpits and "Quarterly Reports" have plenty to do with distant heathen and domestic infidels. There is not another city in the world where such a class of children are permitted to exist. No world they exist in such a city as London would cause their plundering for a moment and there on their streets; or, if not, they would be collected, and clothed, and taught, and sent to their employers, and given a chance to earn honest bread, and their neglect of these young social lepers in great moral and social crime. In God's name let something be done—bread and clothing and an asylum less talk about freedom, missionary societies, and moral reform. Let the children of poverty and crime hasten it in—look to it. If these children are driven to hell for a living, they will soon be built for them a house of refuge, where they may have respectable employment, and then be kept from filth, disease, prof.ity, and every imaginable detestment.

SCIENCE AGAINST CRIME.

Since our Federal Courts have begun to send the vagrants and swindlers of Europe who swell our flags in America back to the merciless clutches of British and Continental law, it is probable that we shall have fewer visits from those wealthy and enterprising gentlemen. When the Atlantic telegraph gets in operation, the surest way for a transAtlantic thief to get into the meshes of the law will be to take passage for his native shore; as in that case, a full description of his person and the name of the vessel on which he absconded can be sent on many days in advance of his arrival, and the police thereby be enabled to make all proper arrangements for his detention. The fact is, science is bearing very hard on crime of every kind, according to the present rate of progress, the time will soon come when villainy will succumb to chemistry, steam and lightning—if enough honest men can be found to work those three agencies properly. A well directed stroke of lightning can bend at any rogue, however adroit he may be; and chemistry can lay bare the most hidden recess with which the detected murderer seeks to cover over his crime, and even extract from the corpse of the poisoned victim the most fatal evidences of guilt.

"A POOR PEASANT YOUTH."

How many fancy that fame is the natural fruit ages of superior birth, education, and surroundings. Yet it is true that many state "peculiarly fitted" have arisen from the mist of obscure birth and scanty education, to flame all-over the pages of human history, than ever sprang from the cradles of opulence and power. We felt this truth but just now, as a verse of Robert Burns's came to our eyes. Obscure of birth enough, and sadly surrounded, was he in the beginning of his days of matter, to the end of his life—and yet, whose name and fame have been wider, or more brightly shed his? What a remarkable reason to have been achieved by a "poor peasant youth," in a land sterile and rugged as his name is mellow and gentle, or fierce and disdainful, by turns. Unschooled and almost unknown, how this Ayrshire ploughboy learned to rival Apollo! How he learned to soothe, and yet command the respect and admiration of princes and lords. How he learned to pour into the hearts and souls of toiling millions their manliest songs, vibrant with simplicity, truth, honor and patriotism—and those immortal strains of the purest love, which have rejoiced the wide realm of "common men," and made them proudest in their poverty and rugged independence, than lordly-eared kings.

Many a poet is admired, yet not beloved. Few poets of great fame are loved greatly. But Robert Burns also crowned and reigned among the master spirits, yet the love of his fellow-men, and, after the admiration for his song. God gave him inspiration, and gave with it the nobility of a kingly heart. It was not enough that he should—like that pervaded his song and his life, and made both memorable and beloved, for all time. He was no simple thrones—his country, his people, his sympathies, his hearth, his household—all were grandeur to his song. Man *felt* it, and when he sang—

"The cash is not the prince's store,
And honor's more than gold or fame,"

he struck more fetters from age-bound servility, than an army of warriors could have broken. It was the spirit of Burns's song—its manliness, its patriotic, manly pride, so softened by manly tenderness and love—that has made it sacred to millions of hearts, and gave it wonderful power.

Standing on the pectoral shores of the swift and clamorous Doon, one is not surprised at the birth of such genius. It is a wild, romantic spot, where the venture slopes away, greener and softer than the velvet of the richest lawn, and where the wild bright river, itself singing a perpetual song; away there, stretch the witch-haunted meadows, Kirkalloway, with its yonder glimpses the sea—and the solitary crag of its shore crowned with the ruins of a castle, where the wind is for ever sighing around its sombre towers. Burns was born amid mighty voices of song, but his life was passed chiefly in the obscurity of his native glen, which has borne his name over lands and seas, and fixed his fame more permanently, and grander far, than thrice who sleep beneath the pyramids.

HEROES OF THE SEA.

The landsman, sung by his cottage hearth and cheerful fire, but little appreciates the heroism of the brave crew of the sea-tossed ship. Amid, and the waves of his stately stores, or luxuriously reclining on the cushions of his drawing-room, he may query the safety of the ships bearing his commerce, when he hears the howling of the fierce storms beat, but it is doubtful if even he thinks so much as a passing thought of the strong hearts in the storm, or perchance cutting away mast to save his ship—or it may be, clinging to some frail spar, with only the wide sea for his bed, and the ocean grave, for him the hand and from his beloved. Who can describe the emotions of the commander of a ship, or the sailor at his rope, who hears upon the deck the cry that a human being has often been the case—to save his own life while another life was in peril.

Probably no material class suffer so much, with so much bravery and so little selfishness and complaint, as the sailor—the heroes of the sea. Now and then they prove recreants and cowards, but in the main they are more generous and brave greater than the wurrior displays of the battle field. The sailor's struggle is with the elements; what he does, is to overcome them. He is a hero, because, far from succor—beyond the care of the gigantic gun, the glare of cannon, and the roar of despair. Were it not that a just and good God watches over them, many of their deeds would be do not—the life of the sailor would seem a goodless sacrifice. What would the nations become were he to cease his peril—were this bravest, and also to be free to tread the deck, and climb the shrouds, where death awaits him at every step? What would the world become were the sailor to be false to his duty, be slave of his commerce—the produce of the earth and sea—the wealth of nations? Where would prize would stagnate—civilization would lapse into barbarism. The sailor's sufferings and perils rear the world's grandest monuments. Hence, then, to the Heroes of the Sea.

THE MORMONS.

By a shameful dereliction on the part of the Federal Government, we have a standing army of Mormonite, known as the "Utah Saints," have been permitted to culminate their iniquities, and, in the heart of Christian country and the very capital of the Republic, insolently and triumphantly to practice their abominations. Yet this people are now, it is almost, if not quite impossible, to find a civilized nation to harbor them. They have been sent in the perilous attempt to break up the worthing nest of debauchery. We say perilous attempt, for such it evidently will be. Associated with the Indian tribes, in a most venomous hostility to whoever may interfere with their designs, the chiefs and true of thousands of these unparalleled pollutions of humanity, are prepared—hunted from the civilization and repressive resources—to play subsidiary or assassin, as the need may be, in defiance of their natural enemies. They have found an organization of change in their political and social system, and, unmolested by the Federal power, the national Government—beat or break its civil officers and arming them—flout its military, its arms in mails, and bring its coarse and idleness, every where among the reflecting, into painful contempt. Polygamy is to be abolished by the Congress of the East, would be tolerable compared with the abominations of the Mormons. Yet their practice is become but a fraction of the sum of their villainies. They have learned the dexterous use of rank and file to their leaders, and to their own sensual lusts, the "Utah Saints" are, beyond question, the foulest population of the civilized world. We would be a blessing to mankind, if the fiery rain that fell on Sodom would suddenly sweep them from the earth, forever!

DEFIANCE AGAINST THE WORLD.

Declarations Against the World.—They declare most against the world who have most sinned against it, as people generally abuse those whom they have injured.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Eliza Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A WORD TO SHOP-KEEPERS.

In one respect—say in more, if so please you, I am enthusiastic—I love shopping. I know of thing but affection for five every time I am forced to do it. It was one of the happiest and whole, even in this dirt-begrimed, lawless city; where ash barrels and sun boxes, with spikes of projecting nails and the bidding of heavy sculptors to gift their dusky contents on our heedless clothes. All the better for shop-keepers; indeed, I am not at all sure, that they and the street-cleaning gentry do not, as doctors and druggists are said to do, play into each other's hands!

Apart from my natural and never-to-be-uprooted dislike to the little feudatory recreation of shopping, in the path I experience wherever I am forced to take part in it, as the enabling system practiced by too many employers towards those whose necessities demand a frugal outlay. Any frivolous female fool, be she showily dressed, may buy a whole mental-full of gaud or finery at her capricious will, although she may end in taking nothing away, but her own pleasure; whereas, while a poor, industrious woman, with the hardly earned dollar in her calico pocket, may not give a look, or offer from the clerk as to its most frugal investments. My blood often boils as I stand side by side with such an one, I, by virtue of better appeal, receiving respectful attention, while she, poor, modest, quiet, thing, was getting shy, at the rude reply.

Now, gentlemen, inquire yourselves in this woman's place, and then we need to do so, because I have stood there. Imagine her with her babies—the happy children by her side, plying the needle into the night, for the pitiful sum of seventy-five cents a week—a full day. Imagine her with this discouraging price of her eye-sight and strength, creeping forth with her little child by the hand, from her garret, to the shop, where she does of stores to decide unobtrusively upon little articles of clothing or valuable toys to gain human feeling enough in their owners' favors to move them from careless scuff at the meanness and cheapness of her contemplated purchase. At length, with many misgivings, she glides in and timidly asks for one of the articles upon which God made womanly and tender like her own, but which Mammon has rendered unapproachable in their vice-like clasp; hearts which never know a sorrow save their own, and a frown, or a disappointed ribbon, and whose coarser lips curl at the new-comer holds thoughtlessly between her fingers the article, which, to her, is worth a year's labor by the impatient clerk.

Can you guess what harshly to such an one? how can you drive the blood from her lip, and heart from her cheek? how can you pour upon her sight at the little sum she places in your hand, so harshly, viciously, frowsy curses?—She has seen you!—She has heard you!—She has gone away to buy that little hand is here, that the patient child would inevitably ask for more, and you would surely serve-trained.

Oh, we have been traversing the order of nature loaned with a breaking heart upon a little child, for the comforts of a mother, and a friend nowhere else to be wide-world beside. I've never wound your sense about her in the silent night, clasping her—thick and thin, and her own prayed God be your wild despair, dearly as you love her, or she her brother's—and I, living, she, too, must drink of the cup that night not pass away from your remembrance. Forgive me.

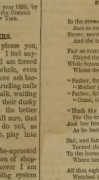
It is because I have felt all this, that I venture to bespeak your more courteous treatment for these helpless dealers than we can ask for ourselves.

FANNY FERN.

AN INIQUITOUS SYSTEM.

When a person who has been assaulted, robbed, or injured in any manner, applies to the police officer, it is the practice of the courts to imprison the sufferer, in order to keep him as a witness against the offender, as he can not be found. Otherwise bail as security that he will appear at the trial of the criminal is required. It is a system of the most hapless that the victim of outrage—perhaps some bleeding object—is put in the felon's prison-cell, bail, in which case he or she must lie in jail for months and months, while the villain who has committed the outrage is at large, and having nothing to act as bail, is permitted to roam at large and to commit other outrages. Sometimes the sufferer is even more severely treated than the wretch who caused the wrong. Such a system is a disgrace to any country. Why should not the police and "Quarterly Reports" have plenty to do with distant heathen and domestic infidels. There is not another city in the world where such a class of children are permitted to exist. No world they exist in such a city as London would cease their plundering for a moment and there on their streets; or, if not, they would be collected, and clothed, and taught, and sent to their employers, and given a chance to earn honest bread, and their neglect of these young social lepers in great moral and social crime. In God's name let something be done—bread and clothing and an asylum less talk about freedom, missionary societies, and moral reform. Let the children of poverty and crime hasten it in—look to it. If these children are driven to hell for a living, they will soon be built for them a house of refuge, where they may have respectable employment, and then be kept from filth, disease, prof.ity, and every imaginable detestment.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.



BY C. D. STUART.

Now the crowded street I can buy,
Such as trolley waited day by day,
Never, never to forget her,
And the tear-drops in her eye.

Fair as summer's fairest blossom,
Flaxen-ringlets waved upon her brow!
While beneath them beamed a heaven
Whose deep anguish thrills me now.

"Father, father!" spoke she softly,
"Father, father! do you smell me?"
"Father, father!" cried she wildly,
"Christ, oh, come with me away."

"Hush thy tongue!" the father sneered—
For the dream-drop dear was nigh—
And her form with fierce fury fluttered,
As in haste her hastened by.

But, and faint, and broken hearted,
Turned that little child away
To the home from whence she started,
Where her starving mother lay.

All this night, with grief and sorrow
Watched they; prayed they—hoped in vain!
Till the day dawn of the morrow
Brought the drunkard home again.

Soon and soon, the wretch beheld them
Wasted as a shade of pain;
Like two beams the flood expelled them
From the breast he pressed.

Bitter, bitter days they bore it—
Cried the weary mother's heart—
Till the last, with smile ne'er it,
Death-dew on her brow broke before.

Side by side she bore one sleeping—
Faded child and withered wife!
"Death the eldest sullies—weeping
O'er the youngest, ever weep."

O, my God! is that a story—
Or a tragedy of life?
Then a part of human glory—
Let the images of ages say!

What of courts, and what of battles,
What of all the world beside,
When around our hearts-sides rattles
All this pageant of the grave?

Dies the eyes and cold the cheeks,
Pale the chest, and dark the eye,
And what are the cold remembrers
Given to grief a carrier sigh.

SERVANT GIRLS.

There is an unusual outcry at this time, in the columns of the Northern and Eastern Dailies, in regard to the impositions and selfishness of domestic servants. Servant girls don't ever to care about anything but to get as high wages and do as little work as they can," is constantly repeated, so though the fault in Mrs. Grundy's estimation, for which servant girls should be summarily dealt with. But why should servant girls care for anything else? Does anybody care for them? Which of their employers does not seek, on a much larger scale, to get the largest returns from the smallest outlay?

The truth is, the principles of humanity are too inoperative in all intercourse between employers and servants. The servant is a slave—too often an uneducated and superstitious drudge, who expects nothing but hardships in her employer's family, and never receives a single encouraging or affectionate word from one of its members. If she is taken sick, she is driven off to a hospital; if she makes a blunder, she is scolded and threatened; if she is detected in a petty theft, she is, perhaps, let off scot-free with opprobrious epithets; should she ever break out in the spirit of a family, would she be allowed to receive any protection whatever from those for whom she had sacrificed herself?

Such a state of things continues, who can expect servants to "form attachments" for their employers, or care for anything but high wages and light service?

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

In selling places for domestic servants people should not forget that important institution—The News-Office. Not to be able to get the daily newspaper, and the Latest news, is a calamity with unfailing regularity, is an affliction which few of the unfortunate victims of this fearful visitation could bear without a murmur. In fact, in the cessation of three persons out of five it would be another otherwise most seductive retreat intolerable. To be deprived of one's favorite paper at the commencement of the spell of Devil deliverance by annoying; but to think that while you are thus deprived of your own edition, the house next door is pitch their Summer tents within the protecting century of the News-Office, are at their very moment actually reading its well known and beloved pages, is more than the best quality of human nature can bear. Be careful, therefore, when making inquiries concerning your Summer retreats, to inquire particularly about the News-Office.

THE FALL OF THE HOOP.

Hoops are collapsing, and Broadway is sensibly relieved. These locomotive ring-around-a-rosy no longer park us from our path, and a modest man can once more obtain a chance to walk the first in an omnibus. The consequence of this "hauling in" on the part of the hoops is most happy for the fair sex. Accidents are greatly lessened by the change. They no longer look like animated boats perched on the tops of pomodoodling haystacks, but like the glorious creatures we used to encounter in the auto-hoop periods of the race. We now have the swaying grace of the bewildering robe, instead of the fixed and *poky* dress unanimously distended by a foreign substance which never had the slightest business to be there. We therefore hail this change for the better, and hope it will last as long as our respect and admiration for Woman shall make us unconscionable on witnessing her arrayed in an absurd fashion.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—BY GEO. D. PRENTICE, ESQ., OF THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

GENERAL Jackson bequeathed a gold snuff box to the man who should be pilloried by his successor. The box was duly awarded to Gen. Taylor by the Secretary of the country. With a vast deal of modesty for Gen. Jackson, and a world of regard for the latter, we really cannot think that the donor was very much puzzled to decide on the comparative bravery of soldiers in battles they do not see. Congressmen and Secretaries of War would be most puzzled than wise to meet decision.

A MAN was asked why his beard was black while his hair was white. "Because," said he, "my beard is twenty years younger than my hair." Another inquired why his ears hair was black while his beard was gray. "Because," said the friend, "your ears have done more hard work than your beard."

A CANDIDATE in Alabama was beaten in a late popular election, and the next day he got into a quarrel upon the subject, and was knocked down with a large pole used for supporting peas. He was first knocked down by the people and then by the pea pole.

It has been said that almost the only man who never "contradicts" anybody is the owner of a mule, and it may be added, that the only occasion when a man is disposed to contradict himself is when he cannot pay him a visit.

IF some stange that a great many men grow avaricious as they grow old—that they multiply their acquisitions as the years fleet by—we can account in every case, thus increasing the bitterness without promoting the date of their separation.

THE ambition to be witty sometimes overcomes even a man's chief desire to be wise. "I said such a thing to-day, on the day he was twenty one, "you have got a fool for your master now." "Yes," said Jack, "and I have had those twenty years."

WE have just examined very minutely the merits of the recent quarrel and fight between Great Britain and China, and have come to the conclusion that the British undertook to interfere one half of the Chinese to the Emperor of the Celestials.

IT seems to us that most of the professed conclusions of paintings have a title of some sort whatever at all. They are announcements in their critical creeds—extracts from their Bibles.

FLIGHT must be long-lived. The "industrious flea," that was taken through the streets a few days ago, are advertised as having gone to their City. They will be to be "industrious" there, as they were in Broadway.

SOMEBODY truly says that one debt begets another. If a man owes you a dollar, he is sure to owe you a dollar and a half before he pays you the first dollar, and so the ratio goes on forever.

A St. Louis paper says of a late gunpowder explosion in that city that it was "sudden." Gunpowder explosions generally are. We never knew one which made more really than ordinary fuss.

In most of California's mineral trees are scarce, and hangings very numerous. A tree utilized two or three men hanging on it is quite a large one, and a tree is considered a good branch.

A Western paper editor boasts that his State furnishes a greater quantity of corn than any other in the Union. He forgets to say anything about the quantity of water it requires to make it palatable.

IT has been thought strange that a dancer to which a man is not invited, sometimes she exceedingly hard to get introduced.

An editor in Michigan talking of corn, professes to have seen a stalk of it "as high as a horse." Somebody has remarked that if he had measured it he would have found it higher.

SCOTT says that "every man that lives has his lights and shades." We cannot say certain about the shades, but we presume that Scott knows all about it.

The son of Mr. Henry S. Gunn, of Mississippi, cut off two of his fingers at a single stroke. The young "son of a gun" has not been heard of since.

WITH faith expressed in general reconciliation; with politicians it is a sagacity; with kings it is the crowd; with most of us it is a pious wish.

MANY writers derive all their inspiration from the writings of others. Before now, Burns has called away as to the best mode of stealing the thoughts of others.

THE best method of preventing a man's mind addled is to engage as if nailing a dog. He got soundly whipped for it. That was "getting his mind off his work."

Our political editor advises another to wash his face and comb his hair. Good impressions, it is to be hoped, have he enough in their mouths already.

THE mantle of a bad man should always be buttoned up to the throat, for it is the cloak of conspiracy.

Men should not think too much of themselves, for there was a time when they were not even thought of.

Some men seem to have no conscience, and others a mere spear; a negation are for every occasion.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CHICAGO paper announces that he has discovered a mysterious connection between, and that it is constantly in operation between the Chicago River and the Lake Michigan against the course or sidedest flow in one locality and the current in the other. The discovery is made that the Chicago River containing the poisonous qualities is completely sifted. This is a wonderful discovery, and we congratulate it. Not a case may have supplied that "poisonous element" in which the Chicago River is so rich, and the Lake Michigan, a purer and nutritious article of food. Many vegetables that are now poisonous will be rendered wholesome by the Chicago River.

THE "Cocoa Advertiser" gives an account of a wonderful tree in that country which is a little ahead of anything in the gastronomy line we have lately heard of. It is a tree which bears bread and meat and wash; but after two days of persevering effort, the latter is all we can obtain from it. The bread and meat principally snatched in the snake's discarded body. The wash was taken from the bread, and was found to be very weak indeed.

A MAN over three feet long was recently discovered in Ohio by not noticing the gentleman around in this city. Quite a crowd assembled to watch his progress, and when he arrived at the corner of Broadway and Fulton he was carried off to adorn his interest. We commend another to the notice of the police of this city, and hope no serious chagrin has to be endured.

A LITTLE boy, seven years of age, named Adolphus Washington Jackson, died in Cincinnati a few days since, while playing in front of his father's door, by a stone which was accidentally thrown by a boy. The circumstance of the kind which has occurred in the city within a year.

THERE are quotations of considerable amount given already in circulation. People must look closely at the coin.

THE Covington says that three gentlemen in Cincinnati were $5,000, by loss, by the acquittal of Mr. Cavanaugh in the New York monster case.

HAY is selling in Northern Illinois, and in Iowa, at from $6 to $10 a ton.

A BOSTON war ship of 4,500 tons burthen, three hundred and twenty feet long and fifty-two feet in breadth at "beam," is being built in this city.

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"IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Sow over your seed at morning,
Before unmoving day
Comes in its plenitude of power
To bear your hopes away;—
Before the quickly-coiled weeds,
That ask no nature's aid,
Spring up, and with their unshrown growth
Disrob the yielding mold.

Yes—sow good seed at morning,
Because the world is strong
To set in dark decay the plants
Of virtuous toil unsown.
Therein hath it no, and trembles,
And turns that mood into the true,
And fosters apples only filled
With bitterness and dust.

Sow sower! ye are blessed—
A glorious right ye hold,
A kingly power the immortal sould
Like plants wait to wield.
Cease forth, before the sparkle
Of the first dew is dry,
And train Heaven's angelic bowers,
That which can never die.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. F. HOSKINS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWING HOW LEON, WITHOUT SEEKING IT, OBTAINED A GOLDEN KISS FROM FORTUNE.

After a journey of about two miles, the robber chief halted at the entrance of a small wood, and taking a handkerchief from a rifle pocket, roughly called to his prisoner to approach.

The widow, perceiving that she was to be blindfolded, and, hopeless of help with Sancho, whose eyes were already useless from terror, yielding the bride to her enjoy, did not lad through the wood, and down a narrow, precipitous descent, when the party passed for a time out again moved on. The change in the air informed the widow that she was passing through a cave or court yard; she could not decide which. She was soon satisfied upon this point, however, by feeling the rude hand of the conductor upon the bandage which he withdrew from her eyes, when, looking around, she found herself in a vast cave, which was fully lit up by torches or burners stationed at irregular distances; some hanging by chains from points where the jagged roof was low enough to admit of it, others fastened to natural pillars, and still others to upright posts erected for that purpose.

The cave evidently had many natural apartments; but the widow discovered from after off the smell of stables, and also that arising from the preparation of food. The apartment in which she now found herself was large, nearly circular in form, and contained besides a large round table in the centre, an immense number of hangers, chest and boxes, together with bundles of cloths, from the intention between which loosed up here and there a brightly burning torch, whose lambent flame served to relieve the darkness of its depth. The rocky floor was deadened in sound by a thick layer of some soft bark-like substance, which again was overlaid with a thick carpeting of sand, which in its turn was covered with a second spread of finely broken bark, that rendered the walking at once soft and firm to the foot, while it awoke no noise.

"Rude quarters, these?" remarked the brigand chief, with his usual sneer. "But they answer well enough for the rough hearts that inhabit them. Your noble Eusbe, however, will accommodate doubtless to the luxury and elegance of the city, may shrink from the poor accommodations they offer?"

"I have been trained to take the world as I find it!" returned the widow.

"A cautious reply!" said the brigand, with a sneering smile. "The sentiment of rank and wealth are proverbial for such. Why not be a man, and boldly say at once that you would rather be at home?"

It is unnecessary," said the widow. "For surely no one in his senses would be supposed to prefer restraint to freedom, and a robber's den to the polite circles of society!"

"I presume not," said the chief. "But how comes it you are so much bolder in tongue than in nerve? You displayed no courage in your carriage!"

"What could one man's struggles do against twenty armed ruffians?"

"And you," said the chief, "it availed him that fled, who deserved his freedom for his courage!"

"Your comrades did not think so when they used a shower of bullets to punish him for the effort!" observed the widow, drily.

"And why permitted him to escape; nobly restraining themselves from firing at him a second time!"

"Yes," did the widow, "he escaped—thanks to the first time of his shot! His poor courage, however, did not fare so well. His courage was also appreciated by a bullet; the only difference being, that in the case the one was the more successful than the shower?"

"You are witty, sweet, and more witty than courageous! But, no matter. You must honor us with your company for a time. You may not find us very congenial, for we are rude, rough fellows and stand not upon ceremony; but the length of your stay will depend entirely upon yourself—or rather, upon your friends, who may or may not want you back. In the former event, they will pay liberally for your ransom; in the latter, they will give nothing for you, and we shall be compelled to knock you on the head. We are free, you see!"

"At what sum do you rate my ransom?" demanded the widow.

"For one of your apparent rank, two thousand pistoles."

"Give me pen, ink and paper," said the widow, attentively listening, with a low laugh.

The supplies were at once produced smiles.

"Hollos! young gentleman," continued the leader, "two thousand is only a trifle to you—eh! Ha! ha! I only three is out as a feeler. We must positively put your ransom up to five thousand pistoles!"

"Pen, ink and paper, then," repeated the widow "Anything to free me from this place!"

"Ha, comrades—did you hear that?" cried the chief. "Shall we suffer such a sneer at our brave mountain home to pass unheeded—particularly when it includes ourselves?"

"Cut his down—pitch him over the precipice—bow him in pieces!" was the varied response.

The widow started and put her hand upon her sword.

"No," laughed the chief, "we'll do better than that. We'll double the amount of his ransom!"

This proposal was received with a general shout.

"Unless," added the chief, with a coarse wink, "the gentleman desires to take a few more at the more price—which, of course, he is at liberty to do! Hey, comrades?"

"Anyway as his pleases, and the more the better!" cried the ruffians, with a boisterous roar.

"How many will it please the gentleman to go?" asked the chief, with a mocking smile.

"Pen, ink and paper!" answered the widow, with dignity. "Time, chief," she added, to Sancho, who was white with terror.

"The gentleman appears to have had enough!" observed the captain. "And by St. Dominick! I do not blame him; for five thousand pistoles is pretty high for a remark. A few such luxuries would make a hole in the purse of the king himself. Walk this way to the table, sweet and ladlie the precious epistle, which your boy, here, can carry."

Sancho began to breathe easier. His fife that he, at least, would soon be free from the power of the horrid wretches.

The order was soon written. It was directed to the lady's banker, and was simply figured "De la Mendoza."

"Tell him all," said the widow to the fat boy.

THE CELL IN THE BANDITS' CAVE.

"I will be here, senor," said the boy.

"See that you fail not. And, another thing for your memory: if you play any tricks upon us, or attempt to betray us in any manner, I will come in person to Toledo, and after cutting off your ears, drown you in the Tagus."

"I will be careful," chattered Sancho, whose cheeks were white as a sheet.

"Off with you, then."

Sancho did not wait to hear this order repeated. Turning the mule's head towards Toledo, he, the next moment, was riding down the cave with a proper respect for his skin.

"What keep you there?" demanded the brigand chief of one of his men, who was swathing his wounds at the mouth of the cave.

"Some papers found in the doublet of the cavalier, your honor."

The chief cast his eyes over them, and became thoughtful.

"I fear we have been too hasty," he said to the man. "He was no courier, but a powerful personage in disguise. It was no other than the father of my old friend, Don Juan de Mendoza!"

"The minister of justice?"

"The same. But no matter; he has no sons to avenge him; and as to the State—hah! it avenges itself."

With these words, the chief returned to the widow, and observed—

"There are some papers found upon the courier, which are of no service to me, but may be to his heirs. Possibly you may know them?"

"What then?" said the widow.

"If so please to take charge of them."

"I will do so, though I have no acquaintance with them."

You have a handsome face, senor," said the chief, with a low laugh, "which with your money, doubtless renders you more than one supposed to prefer restraint to freedom, and a robber's den to the polite circles of society!"

"I presume not," said the chief. "But how comes it you are so much bolder in tongue than in nerve? You displayed no courage in your carriage!"

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usual low laugh. "no ransom yet! I fear I shall have to wait some time of grace."

"You are as liberty to act upon your judgment," said the executor, haughtily. "I have said you from the first that I possess neither money nor friends."

"True," said the brigand. "But I have heard such things from others, who, after all, discovered that they had both."

"You are complimentary! Nevertheless, as I am conscious of being any richer now than I was nine days ago, I simply repeat the statement that I made then."

"You will not repeat it in forty-eight hours!" said the brigand, with a significant shrug. "I give you that time," he added, turning laughingly to the widow, "so you will enjoy this respite, which is not at variance as he looks, to write you an order for a thousand pistoles. He is not of private characters of the embosser, and might find you useful in helping him to guard his coffers, which are literally full with gold. I throw out the hint, as I have reason to believe that he is mighty parsimonious."

"If these my forty-eight hours are up, you may call for me," said Leon, proudly. "In the meanwhile, I will thank you to send something to replenish my purse, which, as you perceive, gives a light air to the poor hope of getting a ransom from me."

The varlet knows his duty, and loves his exercise well to neglect it," said the brigand. "This is his night-round, I believe; and after he has filled the empty purse, he will attend to yours. But you had better reflect upon my advice. Life is worth something, and this gentleman's money is better than to use it. Think of it!"

With these words the brigand moved, with his characteristic laugh, from the cell, which he locked with menacing sharpness, to deepen the impression of his threat.

Leon smiled, and pacing the floor, mused upon the details of his thought. Presently he paused, and his late interview he remarked, in a subdued voice—

"If, sweet, you live to regain your liberty, as I doubt not you do as heartily as I, it may be shriveled."

"In what way?" asked the lady, looking up.

"Leave that to me," answered the young man. "All I ask of you is to hold yourself in readiness for flight. I would suggest, in addition, that, as it will probably be late on the long summer course, you had better in the interim strengthen yourself for the journey with a few hours' sleep. I will call you at the proper moment."

"I will do so, sweet."

"One word. Is your destination Madrid?"

"Madrid."

"In that case it will be necessary to send a private messenger to Toledo to stay the departure of your ransom. Sleep, now, sweet."

"And wish light heart. Thank you!"

"Paul, my brother, did you overhear my remarks to the gentlewoman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then apply them to yourself. I will call you when all is ready."

And the widow and the youth did as he requested. She concluded that she would fulfill his wish to the letter.

With the young man himself, however, it was an anxious interval that elapsed between their sleeping and waking.

Slowly, torturingly, the hours glided on. The hum of voices and the clink of glasses, mingled, and with frequent bursts of laughter, at length reached the sub-cavern. He stepped to the door, and, putting his ear to the grating, heard the song, songs, audacious blasphemies, indecent jests, and vulgar toasts from male and female lips, were borne to him upon the air.

It was the usual nightly revelry.

By degrees, however, the apartment with fewer voices, and meditating upon his thought.

At length the bacchanals broke into confusion. The songs and jests grew fewer, the laughter lighter, the blasphemy less frequent. Then the last of the voices ceased, and dimmer and more dim became the light through the grating. By and-by all was over—save, save the heavy breathing of those who were as they reclined heavily in slumber—all was still.

The moment is approaching!" muttered Leon, quietly pushing his left arm through the fastenings of his garments, for the purpose of securing full play to his muscles.

In about an hour he heard a fumbling near the grating, then the slow insertion of a key, then the turning of the lock, and then the door swung on its human body against the door.

Cautiously his impatient nerves with an effort of his will, he sat down by the table, in which he leaned in an attitude of thought.

At the moment, the door swung back, and a swarthy, one-eyed ruffian, grizzled, and stout, and grim, entered with a pitcher-like vessel in his hand, bearing in one hand an oil feeder of a clumsy make and size, and in the other a lighted torch. He was without hat or doublet, and was dressed in a striped, close-fitting shirt—which revealed, in all their magnitude and vigor, the herculean strength and the massive vigor of his brawny chest and arms—trunk, which the worn fit and coarseness of white hose, spotted and stained with oil and blood and dirt; and half boots, the top reaching to his knees, and the uppers discolored till they had almost assumed to a murky black. A huge leather belt around his waist contained a dagger and a large sized pistol, which, together with a bangor at his side, gave him a savage look.

"So ho, master fire-eater," he exclaimed, in an unpleasant voice, as he placed the vessel on the floor—"still up—eh! You ought so be in your blankets—at honest people are, at this hour."

"Old—sleep when we are about to be ransomed," the young man. "When the bride is racked with thought and the torment which only sleep can soothe? Or, that we could! Look there!" he added, pointing to his blanket, which was rumpled as if with a vain attempt to woo slumber's refreshing balm.

"Poor fellow!" said the hump-jailer. "I also have to give up myself when I have lain me down, with thinking. I'll go along well enough for the first three days in our profession. Some, when over-troubled with it, shake us and all about us. But I'm sleepy, and must hurry through night of it, and the widow may have my comrade to bed, the better it will be for me in the morning."

So saying, he put down the oil-feeder, and drew forward the table, for the purpose of standing on it to take down the lamp.

"Are you sure you," said Leon, approaching and relieving him of the torch.

"You are very kind," said the trimmer, raising himself to his knees on the table, and reaching up with both hands to withdraw the lamp from the chain.

This was the young man's opportunity.

Reeling the torch against the table, he, quick as thought, bent forward and snatching the knife and pistol from the trimmer's belt, exclaimed, as the latter fell in mingled confusion and affright to his feet—

"*A brush—a word—a movement of alarm, and this knife is on your heart!*"

The lamp-trimmer glared at the young man, and appeared from the peculiar light in his eye, to be debating the policy of resisting all by crying out. But the steady, threatening gaze of the latter evidenced him as the thought, and doggedly folding his arms, he sullenly demanded—

"What is your will?"

"A word ere I answer," returned Leon, the pistol to his mind and the knife to his throat. "Who is it? How long have you been attached to this band?"

"Four years."

"What are your savings?"

"Two hundred pistoles, it may be; perhaps more, perhaps less. I keep no account."

"Is it your wish to continue this kind of life?"

"I—I am an escaped felon," said the lamp-trimmer, "and if sought, but one file awaits me—the rack."

"A felon?"

"I shot dishonored my daughter, and I shabbed him" said the man.

"And you did right. Your occupation, then?"

"A butcher."

"You have been guilty of no other crime?"

"Sometimes, when I've had no prisons and escaping to the mountain."

"Does your daughter still live?"

The man was silent from emotion. His hurry frame seemed to be shaken from crown to foot with soundless feeling.

Leon understood that he scarcely dared to think upon the subject, which, with a command him.

"Your daughter is dear to you. I see it. Have you a wife?"

"No," said the robber, in a hollow voice. "Dead!"

"None?"

"None."

"What if you were pardoned the killing of this base, unfeeling villain, and your child, to encourage your business, and to hold up your head like an honest man once more?"

"Impossible!" said the brigand. "This is not to be neglected it," said the brigand. "This is his night-round, I believe; and after he has filled the empty purse, he will attend to yours. But you had better reflect upon my advice. Life is worth something, and this gentleman's money is better than to use it. Think of it!"

With these words the trimmer moved, with his characteristic laugh, from the cell, which he locked with menacing sharpness, to deepen the impression of his threat.

Leon smiled, and pacing the floor, mused upon the details of his thought. Presently he paused, and his late interview he remarked, in a subdued voice—

"If, sweet, you live to regain your liberty, as I doubt not you do as heartily as I, it may be shriveled."

"In what way?" asked the lady, looking up.

"Leave that to me," answered the young man. "All I ask of you is to hold yourself in readiness for flight. I would suggest, in addition, that, as it will probably be late on the long summer course, you had better in the interim strengthen yourself for the journey with a few hours' sleep. I will call you at the proper moment."

"I will do so, sweet."

"One word. Is your destination Madrid?"

"Madrid."

"In that case it will be necessary to send a private messenger to Toledo to stay the departure of your ransom. Sleep, now, sweet."

"And wish light heart. Thank you!"

"Paul, my brother, did you overhear my remarks to the gentlewoman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then apply them to yourself. I will call you when all is ready."

And the widow and the youth did as he requested. She concluded that she would fulfill his wish to the letter.

With the young man himself, however, it was an anxious interval that elapsed between their sleeping and waking.

Slowly, torturingly, the hours glided on. The hum of voices and the clink of glasses, mingled, and with frequent bursts of laughter, at length reached the sub-cavern. He stepped to the door, and, putting his ear to the grating, heard the song, songs, audacious blasphemies, indecent jests, and vulgar toasts from male and female lips, were borne to him upon the air.

It was the usual nightly revelry.

By degrees, however, the apartment with fewer voices, and meditating upon his thought.

At length the bacchanals broke into confusion. The songs and jests grew fewer, the laughter lighter, the blasphemy less frequent. Then the last of the voices ceased, and dimmer and more dim became the light through the grating. By and-by all was over—save, save the heavy breathing of those who were as they reclined heavily in slumber—all was still.

The moment is approaching!" muttered Leon, quietly pushing his left arm through the fastenings of his garments, for the purpose of securing full play to his muscles.

In about an hour he heard a fumbling near the grating, then the slow insertion of a key, then the turning of the lock, and then the door swung on its human body against the door.

Cautiously his impatient nerves with an effort of his will, he sat down by the table, in which he leaned in an attitude of thought.

At the moment, the door swung back, and a swarthy, one-eyed ruffian, grizzled, and stout, and grim, entered with a pitcher-like vessel in his hand, bearing in one hand an oil feeder of a clumsy make and size, and in the other a lighted torch. He was without hat or doublet, and was dressed in a striped, close-fitting shirt—which revealed, in all their magnitude and vigor, the herculean strength and the massive vigor of his brawny chest and arms—trunk, which the worn fit and coarseness of white hose, spotted and stained with oil and blood and dirt; and half boots, the top reaching to his knees, and the uppers discolored till they had almost assumed to a murky black. A huge leather belt around his waist contained a dagger and a large sized pistol, which, together with a bangor at his side, gave him a savage look.

"So ho, master fire-eater," he exclaimed, in an unpleasant voice, as he placed the vessel on the floor—"still up—eh! You ought so be in your blankets—at honest people are, at this hour."

"Old—sleep when we are about to be ransomed," the young man. "When the bride is racked with thought and the torment which only sleep can soothe? Or, that we could! Look there!" he added, pointing to his blanket, which was rumpled as if with a vain attempt to woo slumber's refreshing balm.

"Poor fellow!" said the hump-jailer. "I also have to give up myself when I have lain me down, with thinking. I'll go along well enough for the first three days in our profession. Some, when over-troubled with it, shake us and all about us. But I'm sleepy, and must hurry through night of it, and the widow may have my comrade to bed, the better it will be for me in the morning."

So saying, he put down the oil-feeder, and drew forward the table, for the purpose of standing on it to take down the lamp.

"Are you sure you," said Leon, approaching and relieving him of the torch.

"You are very kind," said the trimmer, raising himself to his knees on the table, and reaching up with both hands to withdraw the lamp from the chain.

This was the young man's opportunity.

Reeling the torch against the table, he, quick as thought, bent forward and snatching the knife and pistol from the trimmer's belt, exclaimed, as the latter fell in mingled confusion and affright to his feet—

"*A brush—a word—a movement of alarm, and this knife is on your heart!*"

The lamp-trimmer glared at the young man, and appeared from the peculiar light in his eye, to be debating the policy of resisting all by crying out. But the steady, threatening gaze of the latter evidenced him as the thought, and doggedly folding his arms, he sullenly demanded—

"What is your will?"

"A word ere I answer," returned Leon, the pistol to his mind and the knife to his throat. "Who is it? How long have you been attached to this band?"

"Four years."

"What are your savings?"

"Two hundred pistoles, it may be; perhaps more, perhaps less. I keep no account."

"Is it your wish to continue this kind of life?"

"I—I am an escaped felon," said the lamp-trimmer, "and if sought, but one file awaits me—the rack."

"A felon?"

"I shot dishonored my daughter, and I shabbed him" said the man.

"And you did right. Your occupation, then?"

"A butcher."

"You have been guilty of no other crime?"

"Sometimes, when I've had no prisons and escaping to the mountain."

"Does your daughter still live?"

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It was no slight task for the trimmer and the executor-to win, after the blinding of the captain, had no longer any suspicion of the former's sincerity, to complete their task; for most of the robbers in the mountains were with their wives, who, however, had drank so much and were equally so deep in slumber as their husbands. But the last of the band was at length brought out and bound to his lover's back, and all fears for the success of the enterprise were over.

The trimmer, in accordance with Leon's original plan, had written with the prisoners' signatures, and the pairs into two bodies—that led by the executor consisting of four pairs, and that by the trimmer of four and a half—that in to say of nine horses.

As they were about to set out, the trimmer was suddenly floored with an idea, and requesting the executor to accompany him, led the way to the last time into the cave.

"I had almost forgotten," he said, "that I am hardly fit to appear in the capital."

A tailor would soon fit you out there," observed Leon.

"True; but I may have to call on a magistrate first, and my reception would be more favorable in clean velvet than in these."

He then opened a large trunk and hose.

"The captain's wardrobe," added the trimmer, with a dry laugh, "has often clouded my eyes, and I will pay my respects to it, that the crowd who witness our entry into the city, may learn to pay their respects to me."

With these words he pushed aside the curtain and passed into the cave, which appeared by a few minutes sufficed to transform him, in appearance at least, from a vulgar ruffian into a richly-dressed cavalier.

While arranging himself in his new costume, his eye fell upon a trunk which he had overlooked, which, after fumbling downstairs, he approached and quickly opened and upset. It was literally filled to the brim with gold and jewels.

"Ha!" he said, his eye eye sparkling with greed, "this will make men of us. Help yourself. It is care as much as Zumalde's, and will make us all rich enough."

"I will take back the four hundred pistoles which you gave me for your captain," said Leon. "But the rest is not mine, and I'll not touch it."

"As for me," laughed the trimmer, cramming his pockets with gold and jewels, "I am not so particular. My motto is to take rather than to refuse. And that," he added, visited with a sudden thought, "reminds me to take another weapon. A prisoner hath—a count, I believe, who was taken yesterday. I had well high forgotten him. He is a fine young man, and has since I had finished mine; and it was thus that all thought of him passed from my memory."

"Let us hasten and release him."

"This way," said the trimmer.

And moving from the main cave he proceeded down the passage leading to the cell in which Leon had left his friends had so recently been confined. On reaching the extremity of the passage, he paused, took another, and halted before a solid, iron door, with a small grating near the top. A peculiar, dissonant groan on the inside of the door, and the bolt to slide back, and the door opening. Leon perceived sitting at a small table within a short, thick-set man in black velvet. His hair was bleached as much with thought as age, and his features, pale and features, which in their regularity and beauty, had once been the admiration of the sternest, gazing at length, with a quiet dignity, before the trimmer and Leon.

"The captain," he observed. "when having three made to Toledo, had but little thought that he should be called upon to pay the forfeit of his life."

"What am they?" demanded Leon.

"Ransom," answered the robber. "He got them for the purpose of stenching the cries of prisoners previous to throwing them over the cliff."

"Retribution!" remarked Leon. "It is the ever-greeted reward of the wicked! Perish the captain—their own ransoming. But time presses!"

With these words, he began counting the pockets of his trunks with the ingenious articles he had found in the wardrobe, and throwing what he turned from the store-room, and from which the robber had taken his breakfast, on the bodyless of the chief, who lay upon an unpaired couch, breathing heavily.

He was presently attired in a rich suit of apparel were scattered about in careless confusion. The chief himself, as was indicated by a prominent bulge in the left breast, had deepened his proportions after quitting the evening room, and was now attired in a splendid suit of leather.

The executory drew near and held up his truth with the unconsciously appropriated gold and jewels, over the chief. Carefully slipping the noose under the sleeper's head and shoulders, till it encircled his neck, he passed his knee softly upon the breast; then drawing a choke-pear from his pocket, he fixed it in the mouth of the sleeper, and then suddenly forced it in. The pear instantly expanded, and the sleeper, which announced the aspect of a large round bulge, created a sensation of pain which immediately awoke the chief, who, in the confusion of his waking, threw his hands round his head and feet, as in a vice, and utterly unable to utter a sound. Leon perceived that the trimmer was the executory, and then apparently taking in the situation, he sprang to his feet, and with a convulsive effort both to alarm his comrades and to free himself, but discovering that the effort only tightened his hands the faster, and expanded the choke-pear the more, he sullenly resigned himself to his fate; whereupon the hurry trimmer lifted him up and threw him over his shoulder as though he were a mere child, and bearing him from the cave, locked him like a second blazipps to the back of a fellow-looking mule, which was no other than that which the fortunate patron of St. Catherine had exchanged for the fleet-footed Andalusian.

hood of a monk of the order of St. Francis, the well known features of his father. A half mouthed cry of joy escaped him, and he was about to rise up and to leap from his horse, when the latter made him a sign to pass on.

With that calm obedience which had ever distinguished him as a son, Leon complied, and five minutes later he drew up at the door of the seminary of police, to whom he delivered the prisoners, and to whom he related the trimmer's share in the feat that had terminated in their capture.

Great was the excitement in the magisterial office, great the excitement in the prison, great the excitement of the palace, great the excitement throughout the city when it was known that the dread chief of the seminary was positively in the hands of justice; and greater still the excitement everywhere when the story got out of how and by whom the feat had been done, and were taken.

He nightfall, the trimmer was free, in the possession of three thousand pistoles, more than he had taken from the chest in the cave, and happy in the society of his daughter, whom he found serving a virtuous living as servant to a wealthy lady.

Leon's name was upon every lip, and himself entire by five hundred pistoles when he entered the city in the morning. But though there were matters of importance now they proceeded to assist him in acquiring a name, he yet gave them but little attention, his whole soul being absorbed between the fair object of his secret love and his father.

And, the country youth, retired to rest at a late hour with a gloomy brow, and tossed on his couch all night with uneasy dreams.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE WORST AND THE BEST ARE LOOKED FOR BY NO MEANS A CONDESCENSION.

There was inquietude at the palace. The king, queen, and all the court, from the lowest to the highest, and of trust, were disturbed looks. The whole of the household was in a state of consternance in the royal household, as well as in all the public offices. The receptions, balls and public dinners, and all the pomp, parade of the court of gloom. And it was very natural: for it pondered upon the change in the face of the government, or at least in the faces of nearly all holding it.

Ramirez, the prime minister, was falling.

This great man, who grown first gray and then bald, from the weight of the cares of state, a whole nation's cares; who had found the State without money, without credit, without an army, and which was about to leave it with bankless credit, with money in abundance, and with an army of 60,000 men in all the world; who had carried it successfully through twelve years, and who had raised it from a position of the fifth or sixth rate among the nations—this great man, we say, was plainly on the wane, tottering at the footstool of the king, his place among the things of the past.

The cause was the favor of the king's gloom; for where should he find another of equal genius to take this great man's place; where should he find another who would undertake to sustain the dignity of his crown, and relieve him of all the anxieties of State; where should he find one who would accept the nation successfully along? True, there were many who would be glad to undertake and to derelate the responsibilities of the office, able men among them too, who have proved themselves in the discharge of high offices; but none of experience in positions equal to that held by Ramirez.

And this was the reason of the queen's gloom, also; for she knew that the king's gloom would not get along with credit unless he had a strong arm to lean upon, like that of the giant statesman who was now sinking down.

And this was the reason of the gloom that sat upon the brows of all the courtiers. They were not whom to pay court to as the probable successor of the prime minister, and they knew that therefore, since they could form no conception of the probability of their being appointed by the king, they could upon them to make the most of the little time of which they were certain, viz.—the official days of the present minister of state. And he inspired them to send their compliments from day to day to the prime minister, and to inquire into the state of his health, and to learn whether the symptoms of the day were more favorable than those of yesterday.

But if the king was in distress as to who should wear the prime minister's shoes, the prime minister himself was not less so. It was something to him, to know that he was sinking, and that the star of office they should fall into the hands of a man capable of managing that which he had managed himself, and power of State, without staggering under their weight; and who could take up his mantle, and, by his talents, genius, and reputation on civility and in safety, without permitting the mantle to be torn or to become soiled by the change.

For the old man loved the country in which he was born, and in whose service he had grown old; and he loved the office which enabled him to raise him to the position which he was the head of the foremost on the earth: and he wished to see that office fall to one worthy of it, and with ease and vigor to lead the country safely and to the threshold of a glorious future.

Between the thoughts that mostly occupied the mind of the aged statesman a few weeks prior to the opening of the spring parliament, was first visit to Madrid. While looking around for one worthy to succeed him, and capable of bringing to the royal palace, behold, advancing down the street, a monk of the order of St. Francis, of noble, majestic, and noble, intellectual features so strongly impressed him that he could not drive the image from his mind. The monk was also a prominent guest in spite of all his efforts to dismiss him from his mind. He was a person, of penetration, quickness of decision, resolution that knew no faltering, and experience: a combination of qualities necessary to the man who should succeed him in the office he should fill with credit to himself and to the country safely and to the threshold of a glorious future.

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according to etiquette, remained standing in the position in which he had been addressed, till the clash of the minister had commenced to move on. Then turning from the spot, he continued his walk, like one accustomed all his life to intercourse with the great.

"I was right," muttered the minister, upon whom nothing was lost. "This is some nobleman in disguise."

On reaching his palace and his cabinet, he put his small, thin hands together, under his lips, and leaning back in his chair and looking steadily at his visitor from over his desk—his favorite attitude in thought—entered into a study out the individuality, that is to say the characteristics of which these features were the index. This, as a pupil and well-trained was the minister's mind, did not take many minutes. When it was done, he set himself again to work to discover when and where he had seen the owner of these features before, for that they were not wholly new to him he felt even fathom. He went back ten years, and called to mind the leading incidents of each year, and the persons that figured in those incidents, but without settling his mental eye upon any face. Five years further behind led to no better success; now yet another fifty, and he was about to give the task up in despair, when, on taking a retrospect of the twenty-third year, he at length beheld the features. They were a youthful air, and were those of a nobleman, who was edging his sword which had just passed through the body of another, who was lying a few paces from him on the grass. The minister frowned, for the body of the dead man was that of his younger brother.

"I have him!" he exclaimed to himself. "'Tis Don Garcia de Vega!"

And he reflected.

At the date of his meditations, he raised a small silver whistle to his lips and blew it. The door of the cabinet opened, and an attendant appeared.

"A monk of the order of St. Francis will call to-morrow morning," said the minister. "See that he is admitted. And hark you, let none else enter till he has taken his departure."

At the appointed hour the next day the attendant announced the Franciscan, who entered with his customary dignity, and placing his hand upon his heart in token of acknowledgment of his inferiority in the prime minister's presence, waited for that personage to address him. The latter motioned him to a chair. As this placed him on an equality with the minister, for the time, he shall now call him by his proper name, sealed himself with the chair's edge, and sat in a way as to hanger under the restraint of courtly etiquette.

"It is a long time," began Ramirez, leaning back in his chair and surveying the monk with a blunt smile, "it is a long time, count, since you and I have met on such good terms."

"A long time, my lord," said de Vega, perceiving that he was known, but without manifesting any surprise.

"It is three and twenty years."

"Your lordship ever has been famed for the accuracy of your memory," said the count.

"Three and twenty years," repeated Ramirez, "since I, with this hand, signed the order for the headsman to do his work upon you."

"It is true, my lord," said de Vega, calmly.

"And yet," said the minister, "notwithstanding that order, you are still alive! How was it contrived by this?"

"That the headsman did not do his duty, my lord," answered the count, without the movement of a muscle.

"Or, that he was prevented from doing it—eh, count?"

"Your lordship is quite right."

"But," continued Ramirez, with a fox-smile, "though in spite of my will, your life and order is still upon record, and the State has still a headsman?"

"Your lordship ever had a sharp eye to detect from which others turned in dismay."

"It is but the blunting of my whistle," said Ramirez, holding it up in his hand, "and the headsman will commence the whetting of his axe ere?"

"But your lordship will not blow that whistle!" said the count, calmly.

"And pray, why not?"

"For three reasons, my lord."

"Name them, sir."

"First, my lord, because I am here at your invitation, which makes me in the character of a guest, and rendered your person sacred."

"Good reasoning, count, since its object is to ignore my office as the king's attorney, and to convert me into your host. But you forget that as the king's subject, I am always on duty?"

"I forgot nothing, my lord, that is between one in my position constantly to bear in mind. Behind the minister of a sovereign, I see always, prominent among his kingdom's chief enemies, the ghost of a Spanish gentleman, which you would have to pass by on your way to the headsman so an act that would blacken your name forever."

"Secondly," suggested Ramirez, who mentally was pleased with the answer.

"Secondly, my lord, your sense of justice would not permit you to make up an order which with one stroke of the pen, deprived a gentleman of his title, his property, his friends, his freedom, and plunged him into twenty-three years of obscurity, suffering, and poverty."

"Thirdly," said Ramirez, brushing a speck of dust from the arm of his chair, and seeming to mentally avoid the eye of his interlocutor.

"Thirdly, my lord," said de Vega, in his tranquil manner, "if your lordship should so forget the sacredness of the person of your guest—"

"What then, sir?" demanded Ramirez, moving from his chair.

"Then, my lord," said de Vega, with an air of stately grandeur, "I should remember that in the wars of thirty years ago, my family and estates were ruined, and that because the property of every honest heart in Spain, my poor lordship could do aught to tarnish it, I would keep my hand on my breast, and deem it a noble and patriotic deed!"

The minister turned pale; but immediately recovering himself, said—

"Your old capuchi will do nothing to damage his reputation in the eyes of his second lieutenant. And now sir, remember that it is the prime minister and not the king, Ramirez who is dismissing you. Give an account of yourself. Where have you spent the twenty-three years during which the justice—or, if you will, my order—has waited for your head?"

"On a country estate a few miles from Toledo, my lord."

"In what capacity?"

"That of a woodman."

"So. And your wife?"

"For nineteen years, I every evening after labor, stayed upon her grave."

"There was a child, methinks?" suggested the minister, with peculiar insinuation.

"A child lovely in sight. Grown to manhood, and full of the yearnings of his high blood, he, ignorant of his birth, disdains his life away, in inglorious toil, at Toledo."

"And the minister. And he fell into thought.

De Vega observed his countenance to see if he could read what impression he had made. But he might as well have tried to sound the sea.

The minister woke at length from his reverie and fixing his eye upon the count carefully scanned him, feature by feature.

"How old is your son?" he at length asked.

"Twenty-five, my lord."

"His name?"

"Leon."

"That will do, count. Call again at this hour, to-morrow."

De Vega bowed and backed himself from the cabinet, wondering what the deuce it meant, his pardon, or the axe.

He was pursued on the following morning, but on taking the chair pointed out to him, he could observe nothing in the countenance of the minister to inform him of his probable fate.

"I wish to know," said the statesman, "the details of your duel with my brother?"

"For what purpose, my lord?"

"You forget, count," said the minister, with an expression of grave surprise, "that I am not in the habit of being questioned."

"I cannot be ignorant of so well known a fact, my lord. But if your lordship will remember, it is after you have signed my death warrant that you have put this interrogatory, which, permit me, twenty-three years wearful time to me, to observe, would have come with a better grace before?"

"I excuse that remark, count, for the reason you have given," said the minister; "but do not repeat it. I am in no humor like to-day to submit to unnecessary silliness."

"Will your lordship be so kind as to inform me whether it is to a friend or a judge I am to relate these details?"

"To a judge, sir," answered the minister, coldly.

"It is well, my lord. Then I will state only the facts in the transaction, and leave your noble mind to draw the inferences. Were it to a friend, I should be tempted, or assumed the robes and air of virtue that it might not offend her ear. One alone, in all the court was there, my lord—to-day—do you hear, my lord—to-wager !—that he could breathe upon his brother's name and fame with such repel, and that in a given number of minutes he would be able to point to her and say 'light as air in the estimation of gods!' Now, my lord, had this been your wife, what you would have done?"

"Go on, sir," said the minister, coldly.

"I was misconstrued—I deserve a softer name, my lord!—the miscreant, a conspirator relying for protection on his more puissant brother, dared in the king's ear to utter the unholy whisper, that he spake and coward-like away at the look which answered him! So pale the indignation of the lion, that base creature's tongue called up had wilted from her cheek, my wife the story told to me. Ere I proceed, my lord, feel still me that I have not been your course, if this fair with had called you to account?"

"I am waiting, sir, to hear the end!" said Ramirez.

"I was writing at the time a letter to the king: but put down the pen, and rising, went out, with the intent of a friend, in search of the coward, for whom I found leaning against a tree in the palace garden, and striking, with rare grace, the heads off a crowd of hair-brains like himself the 'caresses of the god!' Without a word I struck the fellow a cheek to rouse his coward breast up to valor, and then called upon me, which he did, with half a score or more of his companions, who were standing no into some kind of trouble."

"And the result?" demanded, after hearing his story, that utterance, he saw Mr. Carlton approaching the entrance of the hall with a friend of his.

"I don't like this," he said, in some bewilderment, to the young lawyer at his side. "There was a time when I was a favorite with Mr. Carlton. Striking like a criminal don't suit me at all! I'll uphold I have not done it, and I'll face him!"

Mr. Bray was, usually, a cheerful man at home; though he sometimes darkened the home-light for his wife and children by fits of sullen silence, that subsided. But even the briefly ruling tempest between unhappy couples was nothing to the storm that regular many days of sunshine, gentle rains, and refreshing dews. It was the fiercer for being the tempest of Mr. Bray's too easily awakened anger. It never darkened the sky, nor swept fiercely through the house without leaving ruin in its wake behind.

But, usually, he was cheerful in his family, bringing home with him the bright, warm sunshine. It was just in, and with present expectations. This little act of discourtesy to Mr. Carlton, had not only darkened his feelings, but left his mind disturbed. He was just in a mood to be suspected by the ancient trifle.

Two little boys were playing in the passage as he came in from the street. At the very moment of his appearance, one of them hurt the other by accident. The latter screamed out, and, under the passionate impulse of the moment, charged his brother with having done it on purpose. In the present state of mind, Mr. Bray would have tried a little moral wisdom in the case; or, at least, withheld punishment, until he now clearly, that duty to his child required its administration. But, now, obeying an unhappy impulse, he caught up the child who was charged with the offense of striking, and punished him with exacting severity. At the moment of his doing so, the mother of the children, who had seen all that passed between them, called out excitedly—

"Stop! Stop, Henry! He didn't strike his brother on purpose. It was all an accident!"

But the mischief had been done. The wrong had been done.

SOMETHING YET.

BY SALLIE M. BIXBY.

They call me beautiful, and fame
Forever echoes on my name;
Yes, I have loveliness and grace,
Where'er I move or yet have left no trace,
And hearts bind my bride.

Like an enchanted dream, raised
By past dreams, when fairy visions
Of my future's golden joy seems
My home: that place of all most blest—
That act of virtue, and another test,
Thus stamps a golden glamor.

Its graceful mantles more than fair,
As if to hide the heart from care,
And its dreamy halls,
Still all things bright, I pass the home,
While for my future I have found a home
Sweet music swells and falls.

And lo—as form of marble mold,
Where classic grandeur is the fold,
Some dream in the end,
Where dreams are gifts to be,
Without and within and another test,
Their inbidal blend—

These, these are scenes more bright than be
When heart is heart and love is love,
And in the dreamy halls,
And robed and crowned, I am the queen,
Are not more beautiful than scenes
My coming child to adopt.

Fame, riches, beauty—ay, and love—
By woman prize as all above,
Are nothing—nothing yet,
Beside the one thing I would have,
And grasp with all my heart and soul,
Ah, there's a something yet.

ONE ANGRY MOMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"No," said Mr. Bray, looking up from the newspaper he was reading, and speaking with unusual sharpness of tone.

A young man, one of his clerks, stood before him.

"Do you understand me? No—I said no! Send Mr. Carlton's bill to the bottler immediately on hand."

The clerk had hesitated about sending back the rough refusal of Mr. Bray to accommodate a neighbor with the loan of a couple of hundred dollars, but that tone of voice settled the matter. He explanation that he was "short on a note." But, at the first refusal, the father of the family had returned from his employer and went forward to meet the messenger of Mr. Carlton awaited an answer.

"I tired of this eternal borrowing," said Mr. Bray to his wife, on entering the room where she was seated on a sofa, "and I'll put a stop to it. I'm not going to accommodate a neighbor. "Why don't he borrow of his brother? He has means and to spare, and not go money-hunting at the eleventh hour? I'm tired of this everlasting call upon me, and will have a card-to-doe declinations. There is too much of this idle dependence among traders to suit my notions of things."

But these words of justification did not bring the mind of Mr. Bray into a state of calm self-possession. Reason did not approve his hastily uttered words, and a cold disrespect was hurt by this sudden ebullition of anger.

"Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend," he said.

"I needn't have just said that!" Mr. Bray was conscious of, the moment. "I must have refused on any decent pretext. There was no call for that rudeness."

Ah me! How blinding is sudden anger! For Mr. Bray, in his self-communing with himself, and then talking it up to his wife, was not in the slightest dollars. Calling to his clerk, he said—

"Mr. Thomas, you will go with this to Mr. Carlton."

The young man took the check and went out hurriedly. He came back in a few minutes with the money, and left in his hand.

"Why didn't he take it?" asked Mr. Bray, his face deepening in color, as he put the question.

"He said he'd rather you'd come to you, but Mr. Agnew had accommodated him."

Mr. Bray's face grew still warmer, into the check into small fragments. He felt badly. Mr. Agnew had the reputation of being the roughest, most unmannerly man in the city, and for him to accommodate a neighbor, when he had refused to do so, was a cruel blow to his self-love. He could see his unkindly complacent, and prompt to take offense, and he knew that he had given the check to rouse his coward breast up to valor, and he called upon me, which he did, with half a score or more of his companions, who were standing no into some kind of trouble."

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"Stop! Stop, Henry! He didn't strike his brother on purpose. It was all an accident!"

But the mischief had been done. The wrong had been done.

"It's a shame!" said the mother, who felt very painful blow the child had received, and who spoke from the moment's indignant impulse.

Mr. Bray did not feel any better. Striking the child down, without venturing a reply to his wife's remark, he strode up stairs to the sitting-room and threw himself into the great arm-chair. No one ventured to come near him for some time; so he had fair opportunity for self-communion. At last, a smiling little curly-head, who generally lulled her father's return with joy, came stealing into the room, and with a half-timid air, made her way, by almost stealthy approaches to the side of the moody man. Cautiously she lifted her eyes to his clouded countenance; stood for a moment or two, as if in doubt, and then clambered up, and laid her golden tresses against his breast. As she did so, the father's arm was drawn around her. But little curly-head was not, as her mother imagined, inconsistent with the sunshine of favor for herself alone.

"Papa!" Her voice had in it something of doubt.

"What is it my little pet?" And Mr. Bray, who was penetrated by the child's sphere of tenderness, kissed her fondly.

"Willy didn't hurt Eddy a purpose. He didn't strike him."

"But Eddy said that Willy struck him." The father sought to justify himself in the eyes of his child.

"Eddy only thought so," replied little curly-head. "He didn't see Willy strike him at all."

Mr. Bray said nothing more; but he felt very uncomfortable. When he had left home that morning with little curly-head, to the dining-room. All the rest of the family had kept away from him. Mr. Bray loathed particularly at such times, and Willy had been set all right as to his conduct by his mother's declaration that he had not struck or hurt his striking, put on, to the life, an air of injured innocence. Mr. Bray had not spoken during the whole meal, but sat in silence, with a heavily clouded brow.

For that evening the accustomed pleasant talks, cheerful smiling faces, and merry laughter were banished from the home of Mr. Henry Bray. A sullen moment of anger had done the unhappy work. It was the beginning better at the Sunday evening the next morning. Sleep had wrought its usual work of reconciling the mind to its better states, and calming its pulses to an even beat.

As Mr. Bray left his house something earlier than usual on the following along, with his wife, sitting down, thinking over certain matters of business that needed his attention, as his mind came to in his side, and, in a pleasant voice, said—

"Good morning, Mr. Bray."

The merchant glanced up, with a heightening color into the face of this person who had overtaken him in the other deliberate walk. He knew the voice. It was that of Mr. Carlton.

"Good morning, sir." The courtesy was not hearty. How could it be?

"I was sorry to trouble you, yesterday," said Mr. Carlton, speaking in a frank, cheerful way. "But a friend, to whom I had loaned a sum of money, unexpectedly put me at the last moment, and I was compelled to borrow at an unreasonable hour. Your kind effort to serve me I took as it was provided because I had no need for the check when you were so obliging as to send it in. So I agreed had already supplied my trifling deficiency."

Now, what answer could Mr. Bray make to this? Was Mr. Carlton actually in earnest? Was he really so dull as not to have perceived the rough, insulting message of the day before. Or, was this pleasant acknowledgment of an almost exterior bear a rebuking piece of irony?

"I am glad I have gratified me if you had used the check," replied Mr. Bray—his voice a little husky in its usual firmness of tone. "It was tendered in all kindness."

"I never doubted that for an instant," said Mr. Carlton, in a tone of surprised that his neighbor should intimate, even remotely, a question of his right appreciation of his motive. Mr. Bray's reputation as a courteous, gentlemanly merchant, as well as a learned man, forbid any other inference."

Mr. Bray felt, was speaking him a little too hard; and he was considerably annoyed. He felt that his neighbor was not sincere, and could he forget that rough answer to his neighbor's request for the loan of a hundred dollars, at a late hour in the day, when his bank account was all short? No. He could not forget it; and that fact was a constant upon his mind, and made his manly virtue, sounded too much like covert irony to him. In the smallest measure agreeable to be changed the subject, by referring to some general topic. He managed to appear interested, until, their ways diverging, they parted with courteous forms of speech.

"Good morning, again," said he, with much apparent frankness of manner.

Mr. Carlton bowed. Mr. Bray tried to look pleasant, and tried to assume a perfectly composed expression, but the elements of excitement were working within him. There was always a point beyond which self-control was impossible, and he felt that Mr. Bray had passed the point. He was, in fact, angry. In his unconscious refusal to lend him two hundred dollars, Mr. Carlton had done more, in the eyes of his ability, he had endeavored to repair that wrong. He had done more than that—he had made an one of the most unconscious and disobliging of men. In that act he had given a sufficient rebuke; and there, in Mr. Bray's opinion, he should be willing to let the matter rest.

But it seemed that Mr. Carlton did differently, as he had shown in his ironical reference to the matter at their meeting on the street; and it was plain to Mr. Bray, from the manner of his neighbor, that he had come to meet him again with some reference to a circumstance that he desired to forget as quickly as possible. He was not altogether unwilling to "allowing for good morning again," of Mr. Carlton, succeeded this sentence, as spoken with all the cheerful frankness of a man in earnest.

"Your kindness yesterday, makes me a little presuming to-day. I will take that check now, if you have it to spare. My friend has disappointed me again, and I have several payments to make."

The smile had faded from Mr. Carlton's face, ere this sentence was finished, for, instead of meeting a countenance of kind compliance—stern, almost flushing eye looked steadily to his, and compressed lips gave warning of a refusal.

"There has been enough of this already!" said Mr. Bray, with expressed excitement.

"Enough of what?" Mr. Carlton looked surprised.

"Enough of insulting reference to my use of yesterday!" answered Mr. Bray.

"Insulting! What do you mean?" And Mr. Carlton drew himself up, and looked quite as indignant as his neighbor.

"My meaning is very plain. You understand the King's English, I presume?"

"I had supposed so. But yours is a dialect with which I am not familiar, and I must beg you to supply the glossary."

"Let's do—that," said the clerk of Mr. Bray, stepping forward at this juncture.

"Do you, sir!" Mr. Bray's wife be a thousand times obliged." And Mr. Carlton moved back a pace or two, awaiting the clerk's explanation.

"Permit me!" The clerk looked at Mr. Bray.

"Say on, Thomas," was answered.

"When Mr. Carlton sent in for the two hundred dollars yesterday, you were annoyed about something, and returned a rough and uncourteous refusal —one altogether in unlike yourself, that I could not but feel the injustice of. Mr. Carlton is our neighbor unqualified. So I reflected the refusal, to make it sound as much like a regret for not complying as I possibly could. I thought you would think and feel differently in a few moments, and I was not surprised when you sent for the money. That is the glossary, Mr. Carlton, which you asked. I hope it will make it all right. Did I do right, or wrong, Mr. Bray?" The young man turned, with a thankful look, to his calmer passionate employer, whose words had been to calculate the direction of his self-control. The moment of silence passed, and then Mr. Bray said, with feeling—

"You did right, Thomas, and I thank you for such judicious conduct."

The young man bowed, and retired to wait upon a customer.

For a little while the two men stood looking at each other, and then Mr. Carlton, with a sense of the ludicrous, that the muscles of risibility were all in play.

"You have the glossary," said Mr. Bray, at length, with a forced attempt at gayety.

"Giving the clearest meaning to your words, a moment ago, on full of mystery," was answered.

"Then we are friends, as before?"

"You want refuse my check, I presume," said Mr. Carlton, in his old, frank way.

"Just my ne," said Mr. Carlton, in a voice that left no room for doubt as to sense of the.

"Will two hundred be sufficient?"

"You can make it three, if you are ever to oblige."

Three hundred it is, Mr. Carlton," said the merchant, with the decrescence of a smile that left a rises from zero to summer heat," and whenever I can accommodate you in any way, be assured, dear, I shall call to command me. If as in may happen, sometimes, I should be a little unavailable, my clerk will be pleased to serve you, as he has done to-day, to the shock of my temporary ill-nature. Eddy's hurt, I hope, is not serious, and that I have not severe punishment."

There was a warmer atmosphere in the home of Mr. Bray, on the evening that succeed this rather clouded morning, that on the one which preceded when the shadow of a single angry moment was kept and cherished in the heart of the wife, and the head with a leaden pall. Little curly-head leaped into her father's arms about the hour of his return, and hugged him with all the outgoing love of her heart, and whispered in his ear that Willy, the trouble of the past evening forgotten, were ready for their game of romps, and enjoyed it with a zest that made the hours fleet by, amid smiling and happy. That evening was marked as one of those days when there is their homelife; and, but for the impulsive act of a single angry moment, that would have been spent in peace, would have left every heart as sweet a remembrance.

A CUTTLE OF HEROES.

The Delft, one of the Dutch ships taken at the battle of Camperdown, was in so shattered a state that she could scarcely be kept afloat. The pains to keep her from sinking, all hope of saving her was given up. Among the prisoners was Captain Reinier Hedeboy, who had been first lieutenant of the Delft, and who remained on board, along with a few of his men, to assist upon the occasion, when were not in condition to be removed, and superintend the pumps. Just as the last boat was ordained at a certain signal to throw himself, with his men, into the long boat; and he invited Hedeboy to avail himself of the opportunity to make his escape. "What!" exclaimed Hedeboy, "and leave my wounded men? I cannot do it. As the wounded countrymen, whom it had been necessary to leave on board, are my countrymen, I will not (say), No; no, go and leave us to perish together." The English officer, admiring the generosity of Hedeboy's answer, replied, "God bless you my brave fellow; here is my hand; I give you my word of honor that when the ship is sunk I will take my own men to leave the ship, and remained himself to assist the wounded men." There was a struggle in her breast to their success, and Hedeboy, at length, consented to go on board them. The boats lost no time in making a rapid voyage with equal success. The Delft was now cleared of all but Hedeboy and the English officer, who, with seventeen Dutch officers, and about thirty seamen, men had been left on board, were not able to move. While still cherishing the hope that the vessel would come a third time to their assistance, the final separation took place at a sudden the Delft went down. The English officer sprang into the sea, and was taken up even ship; but the unfortunate Hedeboy perished, the victim of his courage and humanity.

A RUSSIAN DODGE.

A traveller in Russia relates: We took a walk along the banks of the river Motgoodek, where, in his manner, the Russians have become pronounding. I observed a man bringing a horse to water, accompanied by a wild pig tamed. This was the first time I had seen such a thing, and the appearance in which this animal is held by all orthodox was engaged by the presence for the safety of his horses, were continually disappearing in a most mysterious manner. The majority of the natives shook their heads, and ascribed it to the malignity of the pigs; but a few, less superstitious, had the ill nature to insinuate that the owned was fond of pork!

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

CHARITY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Beauty we love, but why will and I,
Beauty, all the days,
As a fleet goes in her house of leaves,
Or a poet in his rhymes,

Oft in her pale and quiet cheeks
A dark or cold shade has,
But heart is flattering like a wheel
In the wave of love below.

I will my good with charity,
And she hastens at the sound,
Though she goes the lighter for her fast and eyes
To our table, where a
Beauty we love—but prefer beauty
Where not the eye alone,
And I never see that her head is grey,
And her shoulders crooked from

FOREST SKETCHES.—NO. 27.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. BURLAP.

ATTACKED BY LEOPARDS.

"Hold on," said Uncle Jabez, after he had taken our old seats upon the verandah; "don't ask any questions. I'm ready for ye."

"I only ax I was awake for a week to raise my rifle to my shoulder steady enough for a true aim; but I got over it after awhile, and then started. I had always supposed the native Nubians a mercenary, dishonest set; full of all sorts of wickedness and vice. But I must say that I found the inhabitants of Donga a kind and obliging set. They were dirty; and I can't say much for their cooking. It seemed that the woman with whom I stopped had got some ahead from the sale of her only calf; and I saw in any of the other huts one made of a kind of small round mat, standing like beehives. They call it dura. At other places I burnt it; called it grain. But this they ground, and then together by having small pebbles mixed with it, while the roof was wholly of reeds. Their dress was as much abroad as could be. And the women, by the way, whose name I have forgotten, were a blue cotton vest, without sleeves, from the hips depended a short skirt reaching to the knees. The rest of the people, women and all, simply wore a piece of cotton cloth wound around the body, and secured under the right arm by strings. I never saw one of them with a coat, vest, shoes, hose, or fine cloth.

"It was early in the morning when we set out—myself and two guides—one Arab, and the other a resident, a settlement called Mesaga, which was some fifteen miles distant. But the day was a pleasant one to walk in, and we obliged to travel more slowly than we anticipated. And then we found in many places the road so cut that our horses had much work to travel through it. Sometimes they would sink in as the thickest of every part of the body, and, of course, this soon fatigued them. The sand was covered by the high reeds, and we were obliged to have considerable soft dirt with it.

"When night came we found ourselves upon an oasis, by the edge of a great sweep of jagged rocks. These rocks were not in the form of a mountain, but appeared rather as though the large mounds had been broken in pieces from base to summit, and spread over the desert. The oasis was small—not over half an acre—and the spring which watered it burst forth from the rocks. It would shoot out across the verdant spot in a small brook, and then lost itself in the sand, being entirely absorbed from sight at the distance of some rods.

"Near the centre of this oasis grew a clump of trees, and beneath these we resolved to pass the night. Abdac secured me that Mesaga was all of five-and-twenty miles distant, so I concluded that we should reach there the next place. We secured the horses so that they could crop the grass, and then got out our supper of dried meat, cakes and butter. After this, we chatted awhile, then spread our blankets and lay down.

"I was very much fatigued, for the effects of my glorious ride upon the camel, so that I had not been wholly worn off, so I found to the primary of my pistols, placed my rifle by my side, ready for use, and then closed my eyes. I had not been asleep immediately; for my two companions were chatting when I lay down, and I listened to them awhile as they said after my eyes were fairly shut.

"When I awoke it was from being startled by a wild neighing of the horses. I caught my rifle and started to my feet, and found that Abdac and Mada had done the same. But we could see nothing, nor could we hear anything. As soon as the horses saw us up they stopped their noise, and remained still. We listened for some time, but all was still. The moon had gone down, and the stars were bright. I refooted at my watch and found it to be half-past two. We finally concluded that the horses had been startled by something, and, after praying, lay, windward—and feeling assured that there was no ground danger, we lay down again.

"When I next awoke it was broad daylight, and the horses were in wild commotion—neighing and snorting, and tugging loudly. I knew there must be something in the wind, and I asked Abdac what he supposed it could be. He replied that he did not was the first that presented itself to me. But we soon dismissed the matter of the horses, and I just approached my horse for the purpose of quieting him, when a movement on my right attracted my attention. I turned just in time to see an object upon the top of a high rock not over six yards distant. It was a monstrous leopard, and, as I turned and on the next instant, ere I could fairly make out even the form of the object, it sprang from the rock and alighted upon the back of Mada's horse.

"It was a large leopard. It was in the act of raising my rifle when the report of Abdac's musket broke upon the air. I started back, for the flash of the discharge was close to my face. The moke had not been loaded with buckshot, as Abdac was in the habit of buckshooting, and hence wanted several chances for a hit.

"But the ball had done no further execution than to wound the leopard upon the back. Abdac, while may have been the means of saving the horse a severe wound, he displeased me greatly by so doing, and he knew it. I noticed his movement, and by the time the smoke of the musket had begun to clear, I took deliberate aim at the leopard's head, and brought him down. He lay kicking upon the grass a few seconds, and then gave up the ghost.

"I had started towards the fallen beast when there came a sort of howl from my eyes, and as I instinctively started back I saw a second leopard alight upon the back of Mada's horse, he being nearest to the rock. This time Mada, as a fit of anger, for he seemed to have little fear of the wild animal, especially under the provocation of seeing his horse wounded, came attacked—discharged his musket. The leopard leaped from the horse—fell—and rolled over; but he was not disabled, for in a moment more he returned to the foot of the rock; where he turned his head over his shoulder and uttered a loud cry, half way between a roar and a yell; and then he turned upon Mada and spit and snarled right savagely.

"'Try on the leopard; look over his shoulder!' asked Abdac. Says I, 'Yes.' 'There's more of 'em behind,' he cried, running down the road at top of his backbone.

"And he was right. The woods were hastily from his mouth when four more leopards came leaping over the rocks—one upon Abdac's horse; one upon mine; and the other two upon the ground. I grinned my rifle after the game. Quick as thought Abdac leaped upon the fellow that had mounted his horse. He had sprung to within ten feet of his mark, and put the charge into the beast's head, rolling him over upon the sand. The report of his musket was upon the air when I fired at the other upon my horse. I was not over five yards from him, and of course he hit the dead.

"There were now three of the leopards left, one of which received the charge of Mada's musket. They acted cowardly. They seemed to realize that neither did nor Abdac was back. They seemed to retreat from the bodies of their kind that had been killed, and had perhaps served off to consolidate upon the subject. The one which had received finally made a spring for Mada; but the Arab had been watching him, and was prepared. With a dexterity which I could never have learned to imitate, he dropped upon his left knee, at the same time bringing his rifle down upon the beast's lower jaw. The shock came upon the ground, but ere they could be brought down by the shoulder he had plunged his sharp knife to the hilt in the leopard's breast, striking him just below the breastbone, and sending the long blade home to the heart.

"The fight was over in an instant—done so quickly that I could hardly distinguish the movements. I saw the leopard leap—I saw Mada drop upon his knee—I saw the horses had turned under the arm-pit, and the elbow raised—I saw the ugly head—and I saw the glitter of the knife as it was plied to the hilt. The brave fellow threw himself over again in back, and the leopard fell to his feet. He looked wild and mad. His eyes glared, and his knife was clutched with a determined energy.

"Up to this moment the two remaining leopards had not moved from their places by the rock. They had stood there with their backs up; the hair bristling like a ridge; their bone drawn back in an angry snarl; the lips raised; the white teeth exposed; the long tails lashing their spotted sides; and the sharp claws spread upon the grass. As Mada leaped in his feet they drew back against the rock and then crouched upon the ground in the other upon Abdac.

"I had expected this, and was prepared for it. My pistols were the common heavy hunting weapons, and I had held them in my hands for a few moments, not daring to attempt to reload my rifle. As my enemy came on I stepped upon one side, and he passed me. I had expected that he would immediately turn and renew the attack; and I was not disappointed in the least. He had not yet set upon the leap for a min might have proved fatal to me, but he had not calculated upon it, and he had passed me, he immediately faced about for a short spring. But I anticipated his movement. I fired at short range, and the ball went through his stomach and made a motion with my pistol as though I were about to discharge the other, but I dropped the muzzle between his teeth.

"You may imagine that at this moment the thoughts of my pistol's missing fire was particularly unpleasant. Should it do so the beast might have been upon me before I could draw my rifle or other weapon into use. I had no fear of being killed outright by the leopard, for somehow I felt a confidence in my ability to overcome him; but such a set of wounds as those claws would give, and such a set of wounds as those claws would give, as though I were not to be feared, would be almost sure to prove fatal.

"But my lucky star was up. As I drew the trigger there was a dull report in the beast's mouth like the firing of a pistol in a pillow, and I followed; and then he leaped back and plunged the sand into the grass, his head clanging into a sharp rock which was half by earth, and from which my other pistol had been sent through his eye into his brain.

"In the meantime Mada and Abdac had their hands full. As the spring leopard flew through the air Mada had seen it in time to leap forward and knock him down with the butt of his musket, and then he had turned, and, not in the least daunted, without a wound to themselves.

"Let the spirit of 'I Flutibus Unus!' prevail in all the world and there will be no more fear. The moment the leopard was down the work we had done. Its good-sized leopards lay dead upon the ground about us. Many of them had been killed in the adventure, in giving an account of my visit to the Nile, because I feared I should not be believed. It was almost incredible, and yet it is true enough, too, to one who can understand it. Had we three not been close together, and attacked by the leopards, we should not have come off so easily; but the moment we made upon the horses, and when Abdac had explained to me the thing as he understood it, I found it all very simple. I had never known of leopards to act that way before.

"Most of those who traveled that desert were natives, and the horses were trained to remain by their master without fear or excitement. So long as they were secured, it was generally so slightly that the horse could break away very easily; the fastening was at the end of chords, I believe, so that should attacks such a party, he singles out his horse and makes the leap; and the affrighted horse, and as I said the sharp claws in his back, darts off over the desert. This is what the leopard has wished. As the horse goes he clings to his place, works his head down over the shoulder, and finally closes his teeth upon the animal!

"The poor horse may now rear, and plunge, and kick as he pleases; but he cannot shake off the demon! The cruel claws are buried deeply beneath the tough skin, and the sharp fangs closed upon the throat. The evil presence holds to its place like a leech, and like a leech it gluts itself with blood. Away the poor horse flies—now whirling madly upon his hind legs—now rearing aloft—then dashing his frame with all his power—and then away again. But the agony cannot be removed—the pain cannot be lessened, until fainting nature leaves the power to suffer. By and by the horse grows weak and worn—a few more bounds and he must stop. He staggers a moment, casts one faint look upward, and then sinks to rise no more!

"The leopard now finishes its meal more easily, and then proceeds to help itself to a fat and rich part. In an hour more the traveler that was might find a flock of carrion birds sticking the bones of what was a noble, generous creature only a short time before!

"It is thus leopards plan that attack encumbered with the dead. They never attack man, unless in self-defence, or upon the most urgent necessity. They prefer the horse, because it is the ride them away. And it was thus the beasts behaved to do which attacked us. But they missed their mark. Probably they had attacked parties before, and had been successful in getting off the horse, and then killing the horse, and eating it; but calculations were all knocked in the head. The one who had jumped from the rock had probably planned it thus: The two that leaped upon the horses were to have fallen from away, while the other leaped in pursuit, ready for the meal when the horses should be brought down. Hence the two that remained upon the rock were to be held in check through the oasis. The brave fellow threw himself over again in back, and then sprang to his feet. He looked wild and mad. His eyes glared, and his knife was clutched with a determined energy.

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"We took off the skins and spread them behind us upon our horse's rumps when we were ready to start. We had saved ourselves upon the back, but nothing to hurt. Abdac's animal had been a little heavy, but still he was not seriously wounded. Mada's horse was not even scratched. We had taken two large leathern water-bags upon his back, which kept the sharp claws from his ribs.

"We bathed the wounds with water, kept them clean and unclothed; and they healed up very fast. We had plenty to eat, and by the time we got there astonished the natives by the sight of our six fresh leopard-skins."

"I FLUTIBUS UNUS."

Don't be frightened at the word. We are not about to preach a homily on patriotism. We are content to leave that to the political papers, where editors, in the heat of a campaign, and in the excitement of a canvass, are sure to label "the Constitution and the Union" as the watchwords of their party. Our motto, (seemingly,) that their motives may be honest, and their hearts in the right place, nevertheless they imitate Mahomet, as nearly as they can, in wildness, for he literally threw dust into the air to blind the eyes of his followers. Said politicians would blind the eyes of his followers. Said politicians would blind the eyes of his followers.

No, we have a different aim. This is to illustrate, in a few words, the old Latin motto which is the title of this article, "I Flutibus Unus." As expressing the act which formed one great State from a number of separate ones—the United States—it has made for itself a world-wide and world-lasting reputation. Its words, (seemingly,) they imitate Mahomet, as nearly as they can, in wildness, for he literally threw dust into the air to blind the eyes of his followers. Said politicians would blind the eyes of his followers.

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